

The Nation

VOL. XII., No. 22.]
Registered as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1913.

[PRICE 6D.
Postage: U.K., 1d. Abroad, 1d.]

CONTENTS.

| | PAGE | | PAGE |
|---|------|---|------|
| EVENTS OF THE WEEK | 873 | The Terrors of the London Streets. By Joseph E. Southall and Frank Marshall | 892 |
| POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:— | | Liberals and Land Policy. By Oswald Earp | 892 |
| A Proposal for Woman Suffrage | 876 | The Renewed War. By Alexandra Papamosco | 893 |
| Conscription and the Balance of Power | 877 | Dove Holes and Canada. By George Reed | 893 |
| Good Londoners and Bad | 879 | POETRY:— | |
| The Trouble on the Midland Railway | 880 | Your Secret. By Agnes Grozier Herbertson | 893 |
| A LONDON DIARY. By A Wayfarer | 891 | THE WORLD OF BOOKS | 894 |
| LIFE AND LETTERS:— | | REVIEWS:— | |
| Jingolism of the Chair | 882 | "Victorian" with a Difference | 895 |
| The English Gracchi | 883 | A Continent in Evolution | 896 |
| "Strictly Non-Party." By R. The Whole-Job Man | 886 | Church and World in the Thirteenth Century | 897 |
| SHORT STUDIES:— | | A Dancer | 898 |
| Ancient and Modern. By Rosalind Murray | 887 | The Pagan Tribes of London | 899 |
| COMMUNICATIONS:— | | BOOKS IN BRIEF:— | |
| The Two "Generals." By Dr. Ivorn Jones | 888 | Memories of Victorian London | 900 |
| LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:— | | The Story of the Renaissance | 900 |
| Mr. Roger Fry's Criticism. By G. Bernard Shaw | 888 | Marie - Antoinette: Her Early Youth (1770-1774) | 900 |
| The "Gift" of H.M.S. "Malaya." By Arnold White | 889 | Through Dante's Land | 900 |
| The Scottish Temperance Bill. By John Gordon | 889 | Rambles in Florence | 900 |
| M. M. Anderson, and the Rev. John D. Sinclair | 889 | Life in the Indian Police | 902 |
| "The Meaning of Conscription." By T. G. Martin | 891 | The Love Affairs of the Condés | 902 |
| Government and Private Contracts. By C. H. Norman | 891 | Further Reminiscences of a Diplomatist's Wife | 902 |
| Mrs. Despard's Fine. By A Tory Woman | 891 | A Bremen Family | 902 |
| A Reminiscence of Watts. By Miss M. Edith Durham | 892 | Monaco and Monte Carlo | 902 |
| | | Glimpses of the Past | 904 |
| | | THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Lucellum | 904 |

[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

THE new rulers of Mexico have not been long embarrassed by the deposed President. General Huerta's first preparatory step was to accuse President Madero of attempts to poison him. It was next proposed to put him on trial, until the United States Government stated officially that it would view his execution with disfavor. Then came the news that on Saturday night President Madero and Vice-President Suarez were removed in two motor-cars under a strong escort to the prison, and there, or near it, in some mysterious way shot. The official story is that an attempt at rescue was made, that Madero and Suarez both ran towards the attacking party, and were both shot in the affray. This is the usual Mexican euphemism for a prison murder. A political prisoner killed in gaol is always said to have been shot while attempting to escape. There is little disposition to accept the official story as true, though the American Minister in Mexico is said to credit it. There are reports that an uncle and another brother of

Madero (in addition to Gustavo) have been executed, murdered, or shot while attempting to escape. The persistence of this remarkable family in attempting to escape is as noteworthy as its uniform failure.

THERE is no probability that the pair of military adventurers who have seized power will have an easy seat in the saddle. The Maderist party still exists, and eighty-five officers at Juarez who refused, after the killing of Madero was known, to transfer their allegiance to Generals Huerta and Diaz are said to have been summarily shot. The North, in spite of this massacre, is not yet cowed, and in the South the Zapatista movement, which was in revolt against the Madero Government, is not at all disposed to accept a Diaz régime. There are rumors that the ex-Dictator will shortly return and "offer himself," as the phrase goes, for election as President instead of his nephew. Mr. Hearst's newspapers are advocating American intervention, but there seems to be a unanimous determination among all sober Americans to avoid it. The military task would be exceedingly formidable, and even if success were likely to be easy, no one wishes to incorporate a large Spanish and half-caste population with the States.

THE relations of Austria and Russia are involved in obscurities and contradictions which seem to point to an acute conflict between a war party and a peace party at the Austrian Court. Both the Russian and the Austrian Prime Ministers have made brief statements for publication in which they stated that the position was greatly improved. Count Stürgkh's words, spoken to an influential Parliamentary deputation, were that there exists "well-founded hope of a general slackening of international tension in the not distant future." Thereupon, to the scandal and amazement of everyone in Austria, the semi-official "Fremdenblatt," in a leading article, proceeded to explain how far from being settled anything is, and how risky the whole situation still appears. It seems to be the case that some details remain to be settled about the inclusion of Scutari in Albania, while nothing is yet decided as to the drawing of the frontier at Djakova and Dibra. While Roumania had accepted the Bulgarian suggestion that the Powers, through the London Conference, should mediate in the dispute, her reservations designed to hasten their decision are likely, in fact, to cause delay.

OF events in the theatre of war there is no news whatever, and the explanation is doubtless partly that the weather has been unpropitious and that snow has made movement difficult, but also, we suspect, that the Bulgarians are indisposed to risk the lives of their men unnecessarily in a campaign which can bring them no real advantage. There is a pause even before Scutari, but it appears that as a result of their terribly heavy losses three weeks ago the Montenegrins did win a few positions from the Turks. Rumor credits the Turks with an attempt to sell the islands of Rhodes, Leros, and Stampalia to Italy in order to obtain ready money to prosecute the war, but it is denied from Italian sources that the bargain has been struck. On the other hand, it

is believed that the sale of concessions for mining rights and sundry monopolies has been going on with a quite un-Turkish rapidity. Hakki Pasha's mission to the Ambassadors in London has resulted in failure. They have informed him that the Porte's reply to their last Note, counselling the surrender of Adrianople, does not afford a basis for negotiation.

THE press campaign in France on behalf of a return to the system of three years' service with the colors has apparently satisfied the Cabinet that it may safely proceed with this scheme. It is even accompanied by attacks on the Liberal Party here for refusing to add a British conscript army to a French host on the Rhine. The "Temps" announces that M. Etienne has already laid before the Cabinet the draft of a Bill which makes the three years' term uniform, with none of the exceptions and privileges which were formerly allowed—for example, to young men who were the sole support of their families. The "Temps" reckons that France and Russia will shortly have between them a peace strength of 2,500,000 men, and when this round figure is reached there can be no further dangers to peace. It seems to imagine that the Triple Alliance will quietly allow this numerical superiority to be final.

MEANWHILE, the Tsar's decoration and letter addressed to M. Poincaré has caused a snobbish pleasure in the French press which reminds one of the great days of President Faure, when France was on the verge of becoming a moral dependency of Tsardom. M. Delcassé's appointment to the St. Petersburg Embassy is popular with the "Nationalist" press of both countries, though it is not quite clear whether he has been appointed (1) because his predecessor, M. Louis, was much too independent and Liberal a mind to please the Russian bureaucracy, or (2) because it is hoped that he will dominate Russian policy. On this rather vital point French and Russian Nationalists appear to differ, but they agree in welcoming his nomination because of his distinguished anti-German past.

THE chief home contribution to the movement which "Islander," in the "Fortnightly," well calls "The Military Conspiracy," hatched "under the eyes of a Liberal Government" to dragoon the country into conscription, is made by the military correspondent of the "Times." This gentleman usefully discloses its character by covering Liberalism with abuse, and alternately revealing and concealing its object. His statement of it is, indeed, something less than coherent, for in one sentence he declares that "voluntary service is bankrupt," and in the next that, "considering their opportunities, the Territorials are a good Second Line," that they "have made constant progress in efficiency every year," and that they contain "many first-rate units," "fit to fight at short notice, and to fight well." How an idea can be "bankrupt" which produces such results this gentleman does not explain.

HE then proceeds to deny that the National Service League has asked for conscription, with liability to serve abroad, while admitting that he himself has asked for this form of service. It wants "cadet training on Dominion lines," "a few months' recruit drill," and "Territorial conditions afterwards"—all, of course on compulsion—taking 100,000 youths a year. In the next paragraph, he again preaches Continentalism as the real object of home service. "We get sick and tired of Radical lyrics about this Island Power." Having abolished the Channel,

this random writer insists that it is "absolutely necessary" that a part of the Navy and the whole of the Expeditionary Force (greatly enlarged, of course) should be free to go abroad in defence (not of these islands and this Empire), but "of our policy." All of which is very obliging, for it shows (a) that the conscriptionists are soaked in anti-Liberalism, and (b) that it is their "policy" to embroil us in Continental land warfare. We see that "Islander" charges Colonel Seely with lukewarmness in fighting the movement, and the War Office with treacherous "feeding" of it. We think this charge should be met, for Liberal feeling on the matter is very far from lukewarm.

ON Saturday Major-General Bethune, addressing a Territorial Corps, sounded a spirited blast in favor of the Territorials as against Lord Roberts's campaign of detraction. Major-General Bethune said that the methods employed to discredit the force reflected not on it but on the men who used them. The strength and essence of the Territorials were their voluntary spirit, and that could never be got by conscription. He hoped it would soon be the fashion for thousands to join who now gave up their leisure time to sport. The force was being sat upon and pushed about and told that it was useless; but, he added, "I say go on, and never mind what others say." We should add—"Go on, and never mind what Lord Roberts says."

ON Wednesday, Mrs. Pankhurst was charged under the Malicious Injury to Property Act with inciting others to bring about the explosion at Sir George Riddell's house at Walton Heath. Quotations were made from many of her speeches inciting to violence, short of attempts on human life. Among them was a passage in which she said: "I am still urging you to break the law. I want you to do it, but I am beyond the law. I am a chartered libertine. I am set above the law." On being committed to take her trial at the Guildford Assizes next June, Mrs. Pankhurst was offered bail on condition of her undertaking to abstain from law-breaking. This she at first declined to do for so long a period, though the prosecuting counsel suggested that she should be allowed to take a general part in her movement provided she did not incite to further offences. Ultimately a compromise was arranged, on the basis of an early trial at the Old Bailey, and a promise on Mrs. Pankhurst's part not to incite to crime or to take part in it in the interval. She was then released on bail to the amount of £800. In a statement to the W.S.P.U. she protested against the system of confinement on remand as crippling her defence, and added that she would refuse to conform to prison discipline, and would take no food from the moment she entered prison.

ANOTHER incident of this struggle between the W.S.P.U. and the law took place at Richmond Police-court. Miss Lenton—one of the young women charged with setting fire to Kew pavilion—had been released by order of the Home Secretary, we believe, on the ground that an accident arising from forcible feeding had endangered her life. When the case was resumed the Mayor practically denied the Home Secretary's power to release, and issued a warrant for Miss Lenton's arrest, adding that the Bench would hear evidence in support of Mr. McKenna's "extraordinary procedure." The other defendant, Miss Locke, or Wharry, was committed for trial under bail of £1,000, after promising to abstain from further outrage or incitement. Meanwhile, a few more dangerous but minor outrages have taken place, mostly

attempts to burn letters. Thus wantonly provoked, the public temper is rising to bitterness and even extreme anger. Suffragette meetings have been interrupted and broken up all over the country. Mrs. Fawcett, who presided at a crowded conference of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies, has denounced the new "propaganda of deed" as an outrage on civilisation.

ON Monday, Mr. Burns delivered a rousing speech in support of the Progressive campaign for the L.C.C. election. Mr. Burns pictured the great years of Progressive administration when the London parks were trebled, the trams started, the housing schemes developed, and the general death-rate reduced from 21 per thousand to 13.6. He contrasted such results with the enfeebled and slackened rule of the Moderates, who could not produce one monument to their policy in the shape of a bridge, or a tunnel, or a great improvement or public amenity. The Moderates had not bought, on their own account, a single new acre for housing, their street policy was a series of muddles, and it was their fault that London alone among the great English or Welsh cities had failed to adopt the Town Planning Act. We would urge our readers to vote solid for the Progressives on March 6th, and we hope that their leaders will be able to avoid the splits with Labor which still threaten them in some constituencies.

A VERY serious trouble on the railways has arisen from the unexplained action of the Midland Railway Company in dismissing one of their guards, named Richardson, of Normanton. The men appear to be united in Richardson's favor, but though they demand the reinstatement of the dismissed guard, they abstain from striking. As far as we can understand it, Richardson's action was in strict harmony with the printed rules of the company and with regard for the public safety. It appears that the foreman ordered him to make up a goods train with a maximum load but with inadequate brake power. Richardson refused to do this, and asked for the brake power required by the appendix to the company's rules. He was told that he must obey his foreman, even if he were ordered to run on the wrong rails. On refusing, he was given fourteen days' notice.

THE matter came before the high authorities of the line, but the General Manager refused to see the guard until two days after his dismissal, and no supporting deputation of the men was admitted. Richardson appeared alone before both the Chairman and the Board of Directors, and his case was summarily rejected. The local secretary of the union stated that he had twenty-one years' faithful service. The Chairman seems actually to have taken the ground that the rules must give place to verbal instructions to violate them. To this the men retort by quoting a case in which an engine driver was given eighteen months' imprisonment for manslaughter on the ground that he preferred his foreman's orders to the printed instructions.

WE publish elsewhere a letter from Mr. Arnold White on the so-called gift to this country of the battleship "Malaya," which is, we suppose, a preface to some precise disclosures on this transaction. Mr. White, who is a strong Imperialist, not only insists that the ominous word "tribute" is far more descriptive of the offer of the "Malaya" than the word "gift," but further suggests that the Sultans and Rajahs of the Malay States were moved from another quarter, and that the cost of a battleship was "squeezed" out of them, and therefore, in the last resort, out of the Malay and Chinese laborers, "by

methods that point to a rigorous overhauling of the Colonial Office." The Colonial Office has repudiated any such pressure; but its statements have been so general that the public is still at a loss to know where the offer originated, and what part Downing Street played in it. We confess we should have thought that so dangerous—so really un-British—a precedent would have been firmly discouraged from home. But somebody encouraged it in a very pointed fashion, and someone pushed it through. Who? And by what means?

NEITHER science nor experience seems to diminish the risks of Polar exploration. A disaster has befallen the Australian expedition led by Dr. Mawson, which is exploring in the Antarctic with a scientific object. Lieutenant Ninnis, of the Royal Fusiliers, fell down a crevasse and was instantly killed. Dr. Merz, a young Swiss, with a fine athletic record, has also lost his life. The expedition, which left Tasmania in the "Aurora" at the close of 1911, was composed of young men, mostly novices to this work, though Dr. Mawson had served under Shackleton and Mr. Wild under Shackleton and Scott. Dr. Mawson's party approached the Magnetic Pole from the North, and is believed to have taken valuable observations. Mr. Wild and his party sailed 2,000 miles westward, and landed at Termination Land, where they established a base on a great glacier. Their voyage has enabled them to make extensive corrections in the map of the coast, which had been incorrectly traced.

THE country, or the country at the suggestion of the sensational press, has again been seeing scare-ships, which (need we add?) were instantly identified as German. The main centre of these mental disturbances was Yorkshire, usually a hard-headed county, and their only physical accompaniment was the appearance of lights in the sky. Their origin appears to have been a fire-balloon, whose remains have been discovered on a moor. The German Admiralty were put to the indignity of tracing all their air-ships, and proving that not one had visited England, while our paper defenders pursued a vigorous campaign for spending a million on squadrons of fighting air-vessels.

THE gang of criminal anarchists who organised raids on banks and shops in Paris and the neighborhood by means of the motor car, and murdered every man who stood in their path, has now been finally broken up. Bonnot and Garnier, the master criminals, have been shot after desperate encounters, and twenty of their confederates, men and women, have been dealt with under the law. Four of them—Dieudonné, Callemín, Soudy, and Monier—were sentenced to death, Carrouy and Mège to imprisonment for life, and others to varying terms. They were all young, and the exact measure of their guilt seems hard to apportion. Some leaned to philosophic anarchism, tintured with crime; in others the criminal strain was more obvious. But the trial was not free from an atmosphere of social vengeance, and the Paris public appears to have been startled by Callemín's passionate declaration that Dieudonné, who is to die, was innocent. Carrouy committed suicide in his cell after his sentence had been pronounced. Another dubious feature was that two of the men sentenced to death were convicted on M. Bertillon's evidence. But an accomplice swore that they used gloves while perpetrating the crime so as to leave no finger-prints.

[The next issue of THE NATION will be a Special Announcement Number, dealing with the Books appearing in the Publishers' Lists for the Spring Season.]

Politics and Affairs.

A PROPOSAL FOR WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

It is suffragists who have most reason to deplore and condemn the guerilla campaign of terrorism on which the militant movement has now embarked. It is from every citizen's standpoint detestable, because it is a reversion to the barbarous expedients of force. It is to us doubly deplorable because it is, visibly and audibly, postponing the settlement of a question which ought not to be delayed. A month ago public opinion was emphatically with the suffrage movement. The Speaker's ruling was hardly anywhere approved; it was clearly open to argument that the plan which the Government proposed instead of the pledge which it was debarred from fulfilling was not a full or adequate substitute, and even the man in the street felt that women had been unfairly used. Here was a mood which the sober main army of the movement could have used and was beginning to use to further its cause. Its problem was to convert this rather aloof and inert sympathy into active support for its demands. To-day it is a series of indefensible outrages which fill the public mind, and the supreme folly of these provocations is that they are aimed at the public whose backing is indispensable for the further progress of the movement. The militants, it seems to us, have so narrowed and concentrated their attention on the immediate task of winning the vote, that they have forgotten what is the chief motive of their own demand. It is of the first importance that women should secure a share in controlling legislation which is continually interfering in their interests and concerns. But the vital impulse of the suffrage movement is even more deeply a demand for the recognition of women's status as citizens and human beings. The vote is a tool for the winning of certain reforms. But much more is it a symbol of the place which women claim in the respect of the community. The value of such a great social change as this depends mainly on the attitude of the mass of men towards it. It is not merely the vote that suffragists demand. They desire rather to see such an attitude in the minds of men towards women that the vote will be freely and gladly conceded. If it could be won by political tactics or guerilla terrorism, it would be an almost worthless boon. The law cannot confer the sort of status that is worth much trouble to win. Status is a condition of public opinion. That is why persuasion and education are even more essential, and violence even more futile, in this campaign than they are in the more familiar issues which turn on some question of pure politics or economics.

There can be no halting or turning back because the extreme wing of this broad movement has adopted tactics of exasperation. Parliament has admitted the grievance. It cannot refuse to redress it, because its own delays have goaded some who labor under the grievance into folly. A refusal to legislate while these excesses continue would be far from producing the desired effect. The militants would see in this attitude only a fresh confirmation of their rooted belief that politicians, for all their pledges and professions, do not mean business. The constitu-

tional suffragists, conscious that they are the main body of the movement, its working force in the constituencies, and in numbers an immense majority, would feel a justifiable anger at a decision which ignored their very existence. To Liberals a more intimate question of honor presents itself. The promise of an opportunity of amending the Government's own Franchise Bill, which Mr. Asquith made in November, 1911, was a pledge given primarily to Mrs. Fawcett and the four hundred local societies federated in the National Union. The attitude which they assumed when the Government was unable to fulfil its pledge was dignified and reasonable, but also very disquieting for those who feel the absolute necessity of so dealing with this movement that no charge of unfairness can be established against the Government and the party in power. They were careful to dissociate themselves from those who accused the Cabinet of deliberate and conscious bias. But they said no less emphatically that facilities for a Private Member's Bill next session were not an adequate substitute for the opportunity which the Speaker destroyed.

We need not go at length into their reasons. We certainly thought at the first blush that the promised substitute might prove adequate to the task of carrying a form of woman suffrage through the House of Commons. But the women's case to the contrary is not without strength. One hazardous vote would have sufficed to amend the Franchise Bill, and thereafter the whole responsibility would have devolved on the Government. The Private Member's Bill, on the other hand, will be exposed to many risks at all its stages in the first session, and thereafter it is very doubtful whether Conservative suffragists will co-operate in over-riding the Lords' Veto under the Parliament Act. Moreover, the women fear that a free vote on the merits of woman suffrage cannot be secured from a Coalition led by a divided Cabinet. A curiously frank article which Mr. T. P. O'Connor contributed the other day to a Chicago newspaper conveys the plain warning that most Irishmen, and some Liberals who are nominally suffragists, will not consent to embarrass the Prime Minister by forwarding a reform to which he is personally opposed. We are bound to say that these considerations make us doubt whether the problem of finding an adequate substitute for the frustrated pledge has been solved. But in any case the singularly delicate situation has arisen that the women who were parties to the original bargain with the Government deny, for reasons given, that the substituted arrangement is a fair equivalent. If A and B arrange a deal, and A is unavoidably prevented from delivering the goods for which B contracted, it is not open to A to offer a different class of goods till he has had B's consent to the substitution.

The present position seems at a first glance to be one of stalemate. It is very doubtful whether the majority in the Commons for the principle can ever be consolidated without the use of party machinery into a working majority for an unofficial Bill. On the other hand, it is equally clear that some years and many crises must elapse before we can hope for the united suffragist Cabinet to which Mrs. Fawcett looks forward in the un-

certain future. A third course has been proposed by the opponents of woman suffrage—the settlement of the whole question in some form by a Referendum. That is, to our thinking, an expedient as difficult and remote as any other. It would mean the adoption of a machinery to which Liberals are, on the whole, emphatically opposed, and which the more energetic half of the Tory Party dislikes with almost equal intensity. It is to invite us, in order to solve one special problem, to make a vast and generally distasteful alteration in our whole Constitutional practice.

But there is another possible way of proceeding, less risky, less novel, less alien from our political habits. It ought to be possible in such difficult cases as this to move experimentally. It is on those lines that the question is being solved in the United States. The States act singly, and the more cautious Conservative communities of the East are able at their leisure to observe the results that have followed from the enfranchisement of women in California and the more mobile Western States. Our own familiar expedient of local option seems to supply the necessary precedent and machinery. This reform, more directly perhaps than any other, depends for its reality and success on public opinion, but public opinion inevitably exhibits the most various levels of education. What Lancashire, with its organised women's industries, its progressive temper, and its instinctive realisation that women are a great factor in the whole public life of the community, is disposed to regard as an elementary matter of justice, may still seem to the rural counties of the South and West a strange demand from a foreign world. It is as inexpedient to force on a backward country a reform which it does not yet understand as it is to postpone in a progressive town a change for which public opinion is fully prepared. If we had a federal system, the question would rapidly solve itself on these lines. We must face some innovation, some novelty of procedure. Our proposal is that each constituency should be allowed, in its own good time and by its own choice, to settle this question so soon as local opinion is ripe.

The proposal which we venture to put forward might be worked out in detail in several conceivable ways. We would suggest, in the first place, the framing of a simple and intelligible Bill, either on Dickinson or on Conciliation lines. The Government would assume responsibility for this Bill as a general formula of settlement. It would not thereby commit itself to the principle of woman suffrage. It would merely adopt what we understand to be the position at least of the more moderate anti-suffragists. It would say, in effect, that women shall vote in any constituency when and if the majority of the electors within it consent to place them on the register. The plan for setting the machinery of local option in motion requires careful thinking out. A Town or County Council might be empowered to set it in motion in the constituencies within its own area. A requisition from a specified number of women who are local government electors would be the natural device, if the local government franchise were itself satisfactory. A requisition from men would test the feeling of the women as well as any other expedient, for only an active suffrage

movement among women could obtain the necessary number of signatures from men. However initiated, the essence of the scheme would be in the last resort a reference to the male electors of the question whether the purely permissive Franchise Act which the Government had placed on the Statute Book should be applied in their locality.

We do not advance this suggestion as a means of solving the question on the ideal plane of right. A woman's claim to a vote is good or bad in logic and right, even if she stands alone in her demand and has failed to win the assent of men. But, morally, it is the assent of men which is of vital importance. Without it, the status which women demand might, perhaps, be extorted, but could not be fruitfully enjoyed. Practically, this method, by transferring the responsibility to the electors themselves, escapes the difficulty that the House of Commons lacks the sense of responsibility and the Cabinet the unity which are necessary for action. It would result, in all probability, in a gradual extension of the franchise to women, and the boon would be given only where there was among women an active demand and among men a cheerful assent. Few anti-suffragists can hope for more than delay. But the delay of a mere refusal must impose on women in the interval long years of fruitless labor, on the State the equally repugnant spectacles of disorder and repression, and on parties continual embarrassments and divisions. The delay which our proposal contemplates would end automatically wherever the pressure for reform was adequate, and end without bitterness or strife. And the measure could be fathered and passed by the direct action of Government even if it were divided on the question of a mandatory Bill.

CONSCRIPTION AND THE BALANCE OF POWER.

THE instinct which predicted that M. Poincaré's election to the Presidency would be followed by a revival of the mood which in France it is polite to call Nationalism has been very promptly justified. We do not know precisely in what stratum of French society this sudden revival of militarism had its origin. Now one finds it eloquent in a little group of Catholic men of letters, who may be a power in the Latin Quarter but do not appear to exert any authority in politics and the Chamber. Again, it is the ex-Socialist, M. Millerand, who sets himself to excite the streets by reviving the drums and trumpets of military promenades, and fails only when he dares to bring back the notorious Du Paty de Clam. Vaguely, behind the scenes, one discerns the great alliance of industry and finance grouped round the metallurgical trades and embodied in the ubiquitous firm of Schneider. It hunts concessions in Algeria and Morocco, plays first at arrangements and then at quarrels with Berlin, and finally hoists its devoted ally, M. Jonnart, into the Ministerial chair at the Foreign Office. In the end it is a little group of strong men, MM. Poincaré, Briand, and Delcassé, who seem suddenly to be leading it from the Presidency, the Premiership, and the Embassy at St. Petersburg. It is no longer a vague and disquieting tendency which one notes in speeches and leading articles.

It is at last a definite proposal embodied in a Bill to add twenty millions sterling to the French military budget, and to increase the conscript's term of service from twenty-four to thirty or even thirty-six months.

It is this latter project which gives this new tendency its stamp of audacity, and, one must add, sincerity. One may send the bands marching, one may accumulate stores of ammunition, one may even draw millions from the pocket of one's Mother-Country without a definite challenge to public opinion. It is pleasant to hear the bands, and when the ammunition explodes by spontaneous combustion, one hopes to be somewhere else. But a proposal to add a year, or even half-a-year, to the service of the conscript is a menace which will be understood in every French home. What is the real mood of the country, the event will show. The country may blame the Germans, and in that case Nationalism has triumphed. It may, on the other hand, blame MM. Poincaré, Briand, and Delcassé with a quite particular blame for the distinguished firm of Schneider. For the moment one can only say that the whole French press, with the exception of the Socialists, has gone over to Nationalism, and the Chamber will probably obey the press. But in the long run it is quite conceivable that M. Jaurès may find himself in the uncomfortable and unusual position of the leader of a genuinely popular movement of protest.

No one ever begins the game of armaments. It has always begun. In this instance the French preparations are an answer to German plans. It is, to be sure, an answer which anticipates. It is known that there is going to be yet another German Bill for the increase of the German army on its peace footing; but no one, as yet, has seen that Bill, and we may doubt whether it would have been secure of passage through the Reichstag. But it suited the French to face the worst. A nation of less than forty millions confronts a nation of sixty millions, and it can hope to reduce the disparity only by sacrifices which will place and keep a disproportionate number of men in the fighting line that will be the head of the spear, and by expenditure which may give it the superiority in the brute material of armaments. There is clearly in the French popular mind the sense of a direct personal confrontation with the hereditary antagonist across the Eastern frontier. The forty millions see themselves arrayed against the sixty millions, and, under the stimulus of M. Millerand's military bands, they do not flinch. But the statesmen think no longer in nations. They think in groups, and call it nationalism. The increase in the German peace strength had two determining motives, and neither of them had direct reference to France. As the expert writer, clearly a Unionist, who signs himself "Islander," points out in a formidable article in the "Fortnightly Review," the German increase is first of all a direct answer to the discovery that our army authorities were preparing in the last Morocco crisis to send an English expeditionary corps, perhaps 150,000 strong, to fight by the side of the French in a Continental War. That discovery meant for the Germans that the French army had been suddenly increased by this addition. The answer was to give a fresh turn to the German con-

scription screw. France then discovered that, so far from having gained, she, on her side, must resort to the same expedient. An additional motive from the German standpoint came from the perception that Russia, since the Manchurian War, has gradually improved the quality and increased the quantity of her land forces. We arm with no frontier at all to protect. France in effect has only one frontier to guard. But Germany faces both East and West, and, as Mr. Norman Angell points out in a brilliant article in the "Daily Mail," the adversary in the West is the historical foe who devastated the Rhine lands in the Thirty Years' War as though her armies had been a Black Death incarnate, while the adversary in the East is still a semi-barbarous Power among whose millions not one-eighth can read and write. The French, while they increase their own levies, are thinking aloud in Groups. The sending of M. Delcassé to St. Petersburg, following as it does the conclusion of a naval treaty with Russia, which was the chief exploit of M. Poincaré as Prime Minister, implies an ambition to make of the alliance a more formidable reality than it has ever been in the past.

In so far as any part of this fresh accentuation in the rivalry of armaments between France and Germany has been due to the entry of this country into the Continental system, we are convinced that it has done to France the gravest disservice possible. The offer of the very limited aid which we could render has provoked from Germany a more than equivalent reply, and opened a new phase in a barbarous dialectic which can only end in proving that sixty is greater than forty. From our own standpoint, if we were to embark in politics which might eventually oblige us to send this force to the Continent, the worst of disasters could be foreseen. A heavy blow dealt to this force on a European battlefield, or even its prolonged employment on the Continent, would leave the frontiers of the Empire, whether in Africa or in Asia, exposed, without a possible army which could be sent to protect them. The advocates of conscription are so far reasonable, that if we propose to play a Continental game, we must provide ourselves with the Continental arm. The Expeditionary Force will suffice for defensive service within the Empire. The Territorials are a more than adequate second line of home defence against any conceivable scheme of invasion. But for Continental warfare we have no adequate force, and if that ambition were ever to inspire our policy, there would be an overwhelming case for conscription. So long as the conception of the balance of power in Europe is allowed to dominate our foreign policy, so long will the reckless and insolent campaign for compulsory service seem plausible and hopeful. It is at present dishonest, as well as dangerous, because it rarely avows with frank publicity that it is for purposes of Continental aggression that a conscript army is desired.

A fatal ambiguity will involve all the popular arguments on this question, until the implications involved in this doctrine of the balance are honestly faced. We know of only one treaty obligation which might conceivably involve us in European warfare—the obligation to protect the neutrality of Belgium. But, while we remain a neutral and uncommitted island Power, our

navy alone is sufficient to fulfil that duty. Germany would not violate the neutrality of Belgium for the sake of some small military advantage if she might otherwise reckon on our neutrality. It is only if she must have us against her in any event on land and sea, that it would pay her to take the open road through Belgium. For the rest, we can see a tolerable future for Europe only in the gradual breaking down of this Group system, and the substitution of the reality, and, as far as possible, the form, of a concert. As a fact, it does not save us from alarms and risks. Bosnia, Morocco, the Balkans—through what a series of crises, each charged with peril of a European war, have we passed while this disastrous system has dominated the Continent! It is claimed for it by the "Times" that it serves as a check upon an aggressive Power, since that Power, before it can dream of war, must satisfy its allies of the justice of its quarrel. We do not dispute the fact that a moral influence of this sort can be exerted, and is exerted, within a Group by its more sober members. But a treaty leaves no choice. However recklessly Austria might conduct her quarrel with Russia in the Balkans, Germany would march by her side if war did at last result. Alliances, so far from securing this impartial pressure by one Power on another, must at the final crisis actually forbid it. We are deeply involved in this system, and the mood of our closest intimate, France, is of the worst augury for its working in the near future. The Balkan crisis cannot be eternal, but a "Nationalism" which is thinking in millions and army corps will succeed with ease in making a fresh issue. Our responsibility will be morally engaged, our military system may be subjected to a strain that will transform it, unless we free ourselves betimes from the obsession of the Balance of Power. And the first step to such a disentanglement would be a policy under which we should become, within the Entente, the guide and counsellor of France along her only safe path in Europe—an understanding with Germany.

GOOD LONDONERS AND BAD.

LORD MORLEY once said that he thought he knew a Jingo when he saw one, though he might have had some difficulty in defining him. By this time the public should be able to say with equal certitude that they know a good and a bad Londoner when they see him. And if, by all the marks and tests of citizenship that exist, the Progressives are good Londoners, then the so-called Municipal Reformers are extremely bad ones. If it is good citizenship to have a high view of civic duty and to be singly devoted to it, it is bad citizenship to profess a mean ideal and to share even that low measure of public care with greater zeal for private and often conflicting interests. We do not believe—to take one example—that outside London there is a municipal body in the kingdom which does not believe in the popular control of the streets. The Moderate party have no such belief. The management of the London Police they do not even covet. The functions of a Watch Committee are too great a glory for them. They have not only ceased to run their own scheme of traffic for what it is worth; but they have almost brought it to the point when they can

hand it over to its rivals with a pretence of making a business transaction of it.* If the decision had rested with the old Moderate party of earlier years, the trams would never have been bought and operated, and even the slight links that now exist between the northern and the southern systems would not have been forged. This dealing with the mechanics of city government furnishes a clue to the whole theory of Moderate statesmanship. Go to what department of their very leisurely activities you will—the schools, housing, the dealings with labor—and you find either that the pace set by the Progressives has been deliberately slowed down, or that where a fine piece of new civic work is opened to their successors, it is either tinkered or evaded altogether. The Moderates destroy the Works Department; they sell the steamboats. Called on to set up school clinics for the children, they send some children tramping to distant hospitals. Ordered to look after the children's teeth, they *promise*, after long and niggardly delays, to deal with about one child's mouth in thirty. Starving London of its quota of school places till the unmanageable size of her classes compels the Department to step in, declare her to be a defaulting and delinquent educational centre, and fine her handsomely for her governors' *lâches*, they huddle the defectives into the seats which normal children should fill.

This niggling incompetence is not due merely to the fact that the *personnel* of Moderates is that of the average London vestryman. The party never did possess the core of first-rate ability and energy for the public service which made the first Councils famous; but they include some quite competent administrators. Their capital defect as a party is that they do not mean well by London, but ill. They are verbally willing enough to save the ratepayer's money, though, in fact, they have added greatly to his annual payments, and sensibly to his capital liabilities. But they have never even conceived of London at all. They would divide London's government with any *conquistador* that comes along; they would sell London's boats and London's vehicles and London's land (they sold some acres of housing plots for a cemetery) as part of any bargain that could be made to look plausible in the eyes of the average "Ratepayers' Committee." In this sense they do not deserve the noble title of "counsellors" for London. They profess the Westminster view, or the City view, or the St. George's Hanover Square view, or the first-class carriage view, or the publicans' view, or the builders' and contractors' view. They have even a kind of non-resident ratepayer's view, the view of the man who, tucked away in a healthy London parish or suburb, is anxious to cut down to the last farthing his contribution to the general fund of well-being and well-living. But true "counsel" and aid to a City-province they have never once tendered, and the nature of their divided allegiance forbids them to tender it.

If a party such as we have described had to rely on its unaided administrative virtues, it would never have

* See Mr. Hayes Fisher's speech on the 6th of February at the Constitutional Club: "They did not intend to extend the tramways any further in view of motor-bus competition. They were going to call a halt, and see how things developed." No wonder that a management, conducted in this spirit, is unable, in Mr. Fisher's words, to "put away a penny piece to the reserve or renewals funds." With the abandonment, on the slightest evidence, of the St. Paul's scheme the system again comes to a dead halt.

survived an election. But the Moderates were fortunate in coming in as the heirs of a good estate, which they have wasted, but could not quite dissipate. When, therefore, they appear before the constituencies, they appropriate just as much of the unexhausted credit of their predecessors as their own bad stewardship has left them. It is a stroke of humor to appeal to a declining death-rate which, so far as it has yielded to the Council's policy, must obviously have received its first and most important check from the earlier and more vigorous Progressive administration of housing and sanitary law. London is healthy, as modern cities go, but the rates of infant and child mortality are still scandalous, and the Council's administration of the Education Acts has done little enough to abate them. The Moderates have just maintained their predecessors' housing policy, though they have in no wise expanded it; and, indeed, in the whole range of their work it is impossible to lay a finger on one substantial innovation, one public-spirited advance along the road which was firmly and ably laid down for them. But they cannot be worse than the spirit of the times and the example of the early Progressive Councils will allow them to be. If they have stinted London of school places and its children of medical aid, if they have not even given it its proper quota of bridges and asylums, they cannot in decency refuse it parks or bands to play in them. What they do withhold is funds to pay for more parks and more bands, and lower death-rates, and healthier children, and swift and cheap locomotion for its artisans. Neither the administrative nor the fiscal unity of London will ever come from a Moderate Council. The announced policy of the Moderates is that while poor London shall go on paying out of its poverty, the contribution of rich London shall never be adequate or even equal. Even if this party could be trusted to run a going concern like the trams fairly and single-mindedly—which it cannot—it will never dare to tap London's wealth in order to make London a more beautiful or a socially juster city than it is to-day.

Until the first great Progressive effort slackened, and the disastrous transfer of the schools weakened and divided Progressive aims, the peril of placing the people of London in the hands of their enemies was so thoroughly understood and so deeply dreaded that a Moderate victory at the polls was impossible. The time has fully come, in view of the experiences of the last six years, to reunite the ranks of progress and to sweep these people from power. The Progressive majority was built up of two main elements. The first was the union of Progressive Liberals with Labor men and Socialists, on the basis of a fair distribution of power between the two parties and the principle of the standard wage for Council labor. The second was the feeling of Churchmen and of the Christian and philanthropic bodies to whom the earlier work of the Progressives strongly appealed, that the good government of London was a religious problem of the deepest import. That feeling has never died; and even if the alliance of these forces is a little in abeyance, it can be revived. We hope that a solid *bloc* of good citizens will be welded on March 6th, to the destruction of an undeserving body of

reactionaries with a gross record of neglect, and a grosser pretence of public spirit, put on to serve the hour and to deceive the people they have twice betrayed.

THE TROUBLE ON THE MIDLAND RAILWAY.

DURING the whole of this week a ferment of feeling has been astir among the railway workers over the dismissal of a Midland guard, Richardson, for refusing to obey the order of his foreman. The Railway Union officials are being urged by their members in all centres to insist upon the reinstatement of the man as the alternative to a strike. This would almost certainly extend over the entire railway system, and would be even more formidable than the strike in the summer of 1911, inasmuch as the Union membership has largely grown, and an amalgamation of the leading Unions is in actual process. The case of the man has been set out in full detail. It is to the effect that Richardson, having regard to the printed appendix to the Company's Rules, approved by the Board of Trade, refused to take a load of vans in excess of the brake power there laid down, though the foreman ordered him to do so. The foreman thereupon gave him notice of dismissal. The action of the foreman was approved, first, by the Superintendent of the line at Derby, who is said to have contended that it was Richardson's duty to obey the verbal instructions of his foreman, even if he were ordered to run on a wrong line, then by Sir Guy Granet, the General Manager, and lastly by the Board of Directors, to whom he made a final appeal. Their case appears to be that the discipline of the line demands on the part of their men an implicit obedience to the orders of their immediate superior, and that those orders over-ride the printed regulations. Richardson, on the other hand, contends that he was justified in refusing to take a twenty-ton load with a ten-ton brake power, because, in point of fact, such action would have been dangerous to his life and the lives of others; because he would have been personally liable in a criminal court for the results of an accident due to such negligence; and, lastly, because other cases of similar refusal, in which the authorities had acquiesced, proved that verbal instructions of a foreman were not normally regarded as obligatory when they contravened a printed regulation.

In commenting upon the case we are in this difficulty. The Midland Company have chosen to ignore the rising tumult in the railway world and the growing anxiety of the public. They have stated no case, put in no word of contradiction. Now, the case of the men, if it be admitted, is manifestly overwhelming. For even were there no written rules, it would be a monstrous act to dismiss an employee for refusing to carry out an order which in point of fact involved grave peril to his life and a risk of criminal prosecution. Mr. Thomas, Secretary of the Amalgamated Society, quotes a quite recent case where an engine-driver in the North of England received eighteen months' imprisonment on a charge of manslaughter occasioned by breaking the companies' rules and regulations, although he pleaded the foreman's instructions for what he did. The judge held that "the foreman's order was no answer to the indict-

ment, as the driver had his printed instructions from his employers, and the foreman had no authority to give contrary orders which might, as they did, lead to the death of anyone." Will it seriously be contended by the Midland Company that their foremen have a general authority to override their printed rules in such cases? If so, what security does the Board of Trade provide for the public safety, and what value attaches to their acceptance and endorsement of the rules and regulations? Nor can any distinction be made for this purpose between the rules and the appendix containing the exact provisions for loads. For in all Board of Trade inquiries into accidents the latter is taken as possessing equal validity with the former.

Unless the company can successfully contravene the allegations of Richardson on the points of fact, they will find very few supporters of their notions of discipline. No workman can be required to become a mere automaton, resigning his work, his judgment, his very life, to the arbitrary power of his immediate superior. Still less is public opinion likely to countenance such a view of discipline when it is applied directly to the public danger. If the facts are as alleged by the dismissed guard, the real blame rests upon the foreman who demanded an infringement of the rules, and on the higher officials who endorsed this misconduct. It looks, indeed, as if the railway authorities were still persisting in an attitude towards labor which is disappearing in all the best regulated trades. The proceedings under survey indicate that they still hold the doctrine that neither his fellow-workers nor the public have any claim to intervene in a dispute between them and one of their employees, though a principle of the first importance to those fellow-workers and that public is involved. The report of last year's Royal Commission on Conciliation urged that in all cases where men were charged with neglect or other faults, they should be permitted to summon witnesses. This appears to have been refused to Richardson at each stage in the proceedings; nor was he permitted to have the personal assistance of trade union officials on his appearance before the Manager or the Board. Such incidents indicate a spirit hostile to the recognised modes of maintaining good relations between capital and labor. This spirit is the more reprehensible because alike in legal status and in economic fact the railway industry is essentially a public service.

A London Diary.

LORD KNOLLYS'S approaching retirement from the senior Private Secretaryship of the King announces a real public loss. For such a Constitution as ours, a good Royal Secretary is almost indispensable. Queen Victoria was wonderfully served, as all the world knows, by Sir Henry Ponsonby, not less so her two successors by Lord Knollys. There was, in particular, one critical hour—that of the passage of the Parliament Act—when, with the advent of a new monarch, more depended on Lord Knollys's wisdom, coolness of judgment and temper, experience, knowledge of the leaders on both sides, and of the general conditions of British politics, than could well be

expressed. The King was necessarily inexperienced; and it was a special difficulty that in the circles in which Royalty moves, Liberal Ministers and Liberal policies are usually spoken of in language compared with which Crocodile would be a term of endearment. It was a special advantage therefore that the King's Secretary, who transacted business with the Prime Minister, possessed, in the broader, non-partisan sense, a mind and habit of thought open to democratic ideas and influences. Lord Knollys was always one of the very quiet men who willingly conceal their ability in order that it may be of greater service on the occasions when it is greatly wanted. Thus he inspired friendship in his Royal masters, and richly repaid their trust.

SOME of the comments on Lord Knollys's retirement are just of the kind which one would have expected. His very unassuming presence and demeanor hardly suggested the real quality of the man, and no one was ever more free than he from the pomps and vanities that afflict men of great position. Hence, I suppose, the talk about his punctuality, his methodical way of dealing with correspondence, and the rest of the attributes which are commonly supposed to make up the equipment of the perfect private secretary and the discreet confidant of kings. In a sense, this is a tribute to the quiet way in which Lord Knollys dealt with great affairs, though it is going rather far when a newspaper declares on high authority that the man who was the habitual medium of communication between King Edward and his Ministers was never consulted or spoken to about politics during the later years of his reign. Lord Knollys was, of course, a constant visitor to the Parliamentary lobbies, as well as to the House of Lords, and his figure was specially familiar during the great Budget debates and the passage of the Parliament Act.

LORD KNOLLYS'S retirement is, indeed, an event of high importance both to the Throne which lavished honors upon him, and to the nation which he thoroughly understood and faithfully served. I imagine that if one were to gather the opinions of the long array of Ministers and ex-Ministers who have been brought into confidential relations with him, there would be but one verdict—that his service to the Throne was the service, not of a courtier, but of a great public servant. Those who are well qualified to speak lay stress on his remarkable courage, his directness and simplicity, his rare power of estimating public opinion, and the verve and sagacity which characterised him in times of difficulty and crisis. One who has seen much of him in recent times speaks of him as no party man, but as a Liberal by temperament and conviction, and the years spent in the atmosphere of Courts from his boyhood onwards certainly left his Liberalism unshaken.

LORD STAMFORDHAM, who now succeeds to the undivided Secretaryship, is a man of very different type from Lord Knollys. In the nature of things he could not possess his predecessor's large acquaintance with politics and political persons. His training and habit of mind are military, and though he will doubtless excel as a man of business and as an able and very high-minded

Secretary, he can hardly carry to it the qualities accumulated by Lord Knollys during a career in which he saw and knew everybody political (his view of "Dizzy" was specially intimate and interesting), and fortified his shrewd and industrious observation of men by wide reading and careful note-taking. But the two men are alike in one respect: they are both devoted to the King.

PEOPLE who think, or pretend to think, that Ministers will be shy of giving the Marconi Committee every possible means of ascertaining the truth about the alleged dealings in Marconi shares are greatly mistaken. Ministers are willing to produce their bankers' pass-books and to submit to any questions that can be asked concerning any and every item in them.

ALTHOUGH the Speaker granted his passport to the Appropriation Bill before the adjournment of the Commons, I think there can be no doubt that his powers under the Parliament Act might have enabled him, had he so chosen, to refrain from certifying the Bill as a Money Bill, and, moreover, to have taken this course without a word of explanation. Some question having been raised as to the likelihood of such a procedure, it may be useful to recall that, two days before the prorogation in 1911, the Finance Bill went up to the Lords uncertified as a Money Bill, and that in reply to an inquiry on the subject Lord Morley actually suggested that it would be "highly improper" to attempt even to conjecture what parts of the Bill had moved the Speaker to withhold his certificate. In the Commons, a question to the Speaker drew the bare intimation—one could scarcely call it an explanation—that the Bill was not a Money Bill within the meaning of the Parliament Act. Yet one reads in various quarters that it is incredible that no forewarning of such twelfth-hour decisions should be possible. Incredible or not, the facts are incontestable.

TRAVELLING in the North of England lately, chance brought me into talk with a well-known employer of labor, modestly described by himself as in a small way—i.e., in control of not more than fifteen hundred hands. Very interesting and suggestive was this witness's testimony to the working of the Insurance Act in the Tyneside shipyards and workshops. For one thing, it seems that the Act is creating more employment all round, but especially in the larger establishments. Workmen who fall ill, and are ordered off duty by their doctors, do not now neglect the call, and consequently it is becoming necessary to enlarge the permanent staffs of employees in order to cover the temporary gaps that are constantly occurring from genuine cases of invalidity—cases which, before the date of the Act, would probably have been put off till the deferred debt had gone to swell the mortality returns. Presumably, this arrangement is working without individual hardship, for my informant assured me that the Act is growing in popularity, and that the readjustments which it has necessarily involved are being brought into operation with quite remarkable smoothness. In the great Northern towns, of course, invalidity insurance on a voluntary basis is an old story,

and many are now combining the two systems for the sake of the extra benefits.

MR. SHAW's mother, who died a few days ago, at the great age of eighty-three, will long be remembered by those who were attached to her for her sake as well as for her son's, whose wit, clear, good-humored, derisive judgment of the ways of the world descended in no small degree from her. So, too, did his love of music and fine feeling for it. Mrs. Shaw was an excellent musician herself, and taught music extremely well; indeed, the household was always a musical one. Her brilliant son did not in the least over-awe her; and between them there was that charming atmosphere of open friendliness which springs from frank and even disrespectful understanding, and which is so much commoner in an Irish than an English household. She was also one of those persons who retain and enhance their physical beauty in their middle and later ages.

HISTORIC PICTURES do not *all* go abroad, and I was glad to hear the other day of an example of public spirit and also of corporate pride on the part of a City company. The Barbers happen to have a very famous picture—Holbein's painting of Henry VIII. bestowing the charter on the company. The picture has the special interest that Pepys paid a visit to the City to see it and to drink out of the Company's grace-cup. An offer of £20,000 was made for the picture, which might, doubtless, have been greatly increased had the Company showed a willingness to deal; but the Master (Mr. Barratt) happened to be a great amateur of pictures, who has done much to add to the art treasures of the nation, and, at his instance, the temptation was put aside by a unanimous vote of the Court. A second attempt met with no greater success. The Company, by the way, is rich in historic plate, for it possesses silver presented to it by three English sovereigns—Henry VIII., Charles II. (who gave it a silver oak tree in commemoration of his way of escape from Cromwell's troopers), and Queen Anne.

HERE is a story which I hope is new. French Customs Officer to English lady: "Avez-vous quelque chose à déclarer, Madame?" "Oui, Monsieur; je déclare que j'ai perdu toute mon bagage."

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

JINGOISM OF THE CHAIR.

THERE is a natural law which bids us find the deepest founts of folly beside the highest seats of learning. Our older universities have throughout their career furnished many instances. Not only have lost causes and dead philosophies found an asylum or even a resurrection in Oxford and Cambridge (for there is little substance in the more liberal claims made for the latter), but new follies find a favorable *nidus* in these academic groves. In a highly intellectual environment every notion flourishes and runs to seed: hygiene, aestheticism, psychics, and the rarer varieties of religious and philosophic cults, all the educational and literary fads find a congenial soil and groups of fanatical adherents. Some will deny the accuracy of this account. The main current of academic life, they will point out, is rather a laborious intellectual routine which dulls the zest for

all experiments outside the limits of highly specialised "research," and stamps the donnish career with an indifference to, or at most a tepid interest in, the novelties of thought or conduct which gain eager acceptance among the ignorant masses and the uncultured classes. Both accounts are right. The passionate extremists, the eclectic folly-mongers, are not, of course, even a large minority. Indeed, a general atmosphere of intellectual quietism is conducive, possibly essential, to the growth of their full-blown flowers of folly. It assures them protection from the ruder winds of the outside world.

In such an atmosphere any attractive idea is enabled rapidly to run its course, from a speculative suggestion to a practical proposal, without ever encountering the rough probings and the ridicule with which vulgar people test theories upon which they are called upon to act. An excellent instance of what we mean is afforded by a proposal made by an ardent group of patriotic members of Cambridge University to make it obligatory upon the recipients of any University Degree that they should have qualified for the post of an officer in the Territorial Army. It is not possible to suppose that such a proposal has a large support, but it is a fact deserving comment that any men of academic position should desire to bring it forward. For it is the most extreme fruit of a spirit which, we fear, has of recent years found a certain lodgment in many academic breasts, and which we would call the Jingoism of the Chair. It is partly a natural reaction of the sedentary intellectual life, a physical timidity which takes a sentimental pleasure in the imagined violence of men and nations in the past and present, the cravings of a spectatorial passion for the glories and havoc of war. The number of men of learning who devote some considerable attention to military history, and to whom a new work upon the campaigns of Napoleon is an important event, attests the force of this appeal.

This, of course, is not the account of their feelings and opinions they render to themselves. In seeking to infuse the virus of militarism into the lads who are placed under their charge for the improvement of their minds, they feel themselves animated by a sense of discipline and a spirit of patriotism. Harnessed themselves to a rather dull, depressing, and exacting profession, they are somewhat shocked by the lawless and, as they think, wasteful exuberance of energy in the young colts escaped from school. They see all round them a rampant athleticism, eating into serious studies. Though it is their business to see that the minds, not only of the few, but of the many, should be improved, they do not seriously believe that much can be achieved with material so recalcitrant to culture. So they turn from cultivation of the intellect to cultivation of character, and to military discipline as a branch of moral education. Not, of course, that alone. Their militarism differs somewhat radically from that which they would like to see enforced upon the young men of the working-classes. It is discipline with a view to fitness for command. It carries a deeper sub-conscious policy. If only our restless, turbulent working men, continually questioning the rule of pastors, masters, and those put in authority over them, continually threatening to wrest the economic and political management from the hands of the classes alone fitted to conduct it, could be induced to put themselves under military discipline, how good it would be for them—and for the ruling classes of whom our Universities are the intellectual servants! But there are two sides to such a discipline, and it falls to them to provide the men who shall command.

This is the deeper meaning of militarism in this as in other countries. It is the instrument for keeping the possessing and the working classes in their proper places. We are aware that to many this will seem a perversion of the facts. "Surely," it will be said, "you ignore the genuine conviction that our country is in danger, and that there is an obligation on all able-bodied citizens to acquire the ability to defend it!" And it is not to be denied that the deeper stream of purpose is crossed by this genuine current of Jingoism. Regarded as a mental product, this Jingoism of the Chair suffers from its mixed

parentage. It is the product of a purely formal reasoning, grafted upon the sentimental imperialism which finds expression in the view that the British genius for government places the world at the disposal of efficient young men from the universities as a great field of missionary enterprise.

This larger view of efficiency and national service has undergone a temporary shrinkage in favor of military discipline. Imperialism has for the moment shrivelled into "national defence," and all the sentimental extravagances of the wider cult are at the disposal of the narrower. The logical training of this order of academic mind draws it inevitably to the region of such absurdities as the proposal to convert all our scholars into fighting men. The present writer, finding himself some months ago among a group of dons, whose talk drifted on to the relations between this country and Germany, gathered that the "sense" of the meeting was in favor of an immediate attack by our fleet on the fleet of Germany. The logic seemed invincible. "Either an early war was inevitable, or the prospect of an interminable increase of expenditure on armaments, with over-recurrent alarms, was the sole alternative. In either event, it was desirable that we should bring the matter to an issue without further waiting. For every year we waited would see us relatively weaker. Therefore, let us strike now." So ran the scholastic mind, proceeding from premise to judgment, and apparently desirous to execute judgment without delay.

Happily, we repeat, this is not the normal play of the academic mind. The great majority of members of the University have greeted the proposal we cite with the ridicule it deserves. We wish they would go further, and realise even more clearly the peril in which true culture stands from the new inroads of barbarism. In the eternal conflict between force and reason, our Universities are the avowed and accredited champions of reason. It is their first business to urge everywhere the claims of reason to guide human conduct in public as in private affairs, and to use all their influence to defeat the attempts of the brutal instincts of men to reassert their sway. To invite reason to place itself beneath the hoof of its enemy, as do the purposes of compulsory military service, and to pray the blessings of our Universities upon their betrayal, is a new record in the annals of folly.

THE ENGLISH GRACCHI.

THE peculiar thing about a rebel is that no one is so savagely detested by his contemporaries, or so devotedly adored by posterity. No Government has ever doubted that death was the proper penalty for rebellion, and very few unsuccessful rebels have escaped laughter by the law. Hobbes, who in the midst of our Great Rebellion philosophised upon the subject, maintained that rebellion, being a blasphemy against the State—the Leviathan, or "mortal God," as he called it—must be punished, not merely by the execution of the rebels, but by the execution of all their children, and of all their descendants yet unborn, and therefore ignorant of the crime for which they suffered. In accordance with the same political philosophy, the death sentence upon all rebels in this country provided for the addition of specially ferocious treatment to suit the crime, and after they were half-hanged they were taken down, had their bowels cut out and burnt before their eyes, were then beheaded and hacked into quarters, their fragments remaining at the disposal of the King, while mercy on their souls was left to "the God of infinite compassion." It is just a hundred years last week since a Member of Parliament asked leave to bring in a Bill to repeal the clause that ordained disembowelling, but his request was opposed by the Solicitor-General as contrary to the welfare of the State. "Why all this cookery?" asked a Scottish rebel, quoted by Swift, and no lawyer or other peaceable citizen of the time would have hesitated to reply, "Because you are a rebel."

It is only when the rebel has rotted in his grave, or in chains upon the gallows, that he comes by his own, and there is no view to which distance adds so much enchantment as the view of rebellion. It is only at a safe and

comfortable distance of time or space that people can admire it—say, about the distance of Russia in space, and the last Irish rising in time. At that distance it cannot interrupt the pleasurable routine, the vested interest, or the prayer for daily bread. There one can applaud it at leisure, judiciously seated in the element of calm, nor is one's sympathetic approval distorted by haggard fear and personal apprehension, or by the natural dislike of violence and change. In the thick of the thing—in the darkness visible of terror and uncertainty—the case looks very different. Who can doubt that sensible Athenians denounced Harmodius and Aristogeiton as rash and misguided youths, imperilling the natural advancement of the State; and that William Tell was said to have put back the cuckoo-clock of freedom or however else it was that the Swiss then told the time? When Garibaldi was starting on his greatest exploit, it was touch-and-go whether Cavour and the Constitutionalists would not stop him. Decent people hesitated to speak of Harper's Ferry until the crab-apple tree drooped with its unnatural burden. But when all was over and done, when the obscure future had been transformed into the enlightening past, and the academic or political mind, instead of trembling at the next step, could confidently appeal to the teaching of history, then the Greek banqueters raised the song, "in myrtle boughs we wreath our swords," then the late diners flocked to plays and operas of William Tell, the immortal epic of Garibaldi and his Thousand was unrolled for all to rejoice in, and John Brown's soul went marching on.

Even England has known rebellions, and among us also the names of the greatest rebels do in the course of generations come by their own. The latest of them to receive the honor due to him was also one of the noblest, but his reward comes nearly four centuries after his body rotted in air. We do not mean that Robert Kett has not been noticed in passing by historians. They could not write of the Tudors without noticing him, and even Froude has written of him with sympathy. More than fifty years ago, a fairly accurate "Life" appeared, but, so far as we know, there has been no such fine and adequate memorial to his honor as Mr. Joseph Clayton's recent volume called "Robert Kett and the Norfolk Rising" (Secker). The book is of special value as painting within short compass the picture of a typical rebellion—typical in its cause, its heroism, its progress, and its defeat—typical in every point except in its failure, final and unredeemed as the failure of few rebellions is. Probably the failure has been the chief cause of the rebel's oblivion. For if Kett's object had ever been won by succeeding generations, and if the land of which the English people were dispossessed had ever been restored to them, the country in its gratitude would probably have set up a tablet in Norwich Cathedral, or a statue on Mousehold Heath.

The appearance of this book is opportune at the moment when again the right to the country's land is coming into dispute. We have headed this article "The English Gracchi," partly because two brothers led the rising. It is true, we hear little of William, but he acted as Robert's faithful lieutenant, and when Robert's body hung from Norwich Castle, his own hung from the tower of Wymondham Church. But chiefly we have called it so because the origin of the rebellion was the same as drove the Gracchi to heroic destruction. The whole story is another illustration of the truth that rebellions do not arise from love of change, love of fame, notoriety, or "lime-light." The social and legal and even economic penalties that attend rebellion are far too exacting to allow any such motives or aims. Serious rebellion arises when conditions and grievances have become unendurable, and death itself seems better than enduring them. So it was at the time of the Peasant Revolt towards the end of the fourteenth century; and so it was again among the Norfolk peasants in the middle sixteenth century, under Henry VIII. and Edward VI.

In part the misery of the peasants was due to the "engrossing of homesteads"—the addition of farm to farm in order to convert the arable land into pasture; in part to the enclosure of the ancient commons. From

both evils the country has continued to suffer, and against both the peasants have now and again attempted feeble protests, and at one time even a violent though futile protest, as is told in Mr. and Mrs. Hammond's tragedy on "The Village Laborer." But at the back of both grievances lay the spoliation of the Church lands by the ancestors of our landed aristocracy, and their claim to the soil as their private possession. Of all economic disasters that have befallen the country, this was probably the most violent and far-reaching. Landowners in Parliament show signs of irritation at being told so, but let them hear what their former leader said. Speaking of the ruins of abbeys, upon which most of the greatest estates are founded, Disraeli wrote in "Sybil":

"They are the children of violence, not of time. It is war that created these ruins, civil war—of all civil wars the most inhuman, for it was waged with the unresisting. . . . Never was such a plunder. The whole face of the country for a century was that of a land recently invaded by a ruthless enemy; it was worse than the Norman Conquest; nor has England ever lost this character of ravage. I don't know whether the union workhouses will remove it. They are building something for the people at last. After an experiment of three centuries, your gaols being full, and your treadmills losing something of their virtue, you have given us a substitute for the monasteries."

That fine stroke of ironic satire is as well deserved to-day as when it was written, but in Kett's time the dispossessed and starving peasants had not even the joys of the workhouse to fall back upon. By two Acts of Henry VIII., it was ordained they should be otherwise dealt with; the unemployed, men and women alike, were first to be flogged and then sold into slavery. But the motive-power of the rebellion is best revealed in "The Rebels' Complaint," an extraordinary document, probably drawn up by Kett himself, and fit to stand as the village laborer's complaint in any period of subsequent history up to our present day. It is not long, but we can quote only a few sentences. It begins:—

"The pride of great men is now intolerable, but our condition miserable.

"These abound in delights; and compassed with the fullness of all things, and consumed with vain pleasures, thirst only after gain, inflamed with the burning delights of their desires.

"But ourselves, almost killed with labor and watching, do nothing all our life long but sweat, mourn, hunger, and thirst. Which things, though they seem miserable and base (as they are indeed most miserable), yet might be borne howsoever, if they which are drowned in the boiling seas of evil delights did not pursue the calamities and miseries of other men with too much insolent hatred.

"The present condition of possessing land seems miserable and slavish—holding it all at the pleasure of great men; not freely, but by prescription, and, as it were, at the will and pleasure of the lord. For as soon as any man offend any of these gorgeous gentlemen, he is put out, deprived, and thrust from all his goods.

"Nature has provided for us, as well as for them; has given us a body and a soul, and has not envied us other things. While we have the same form, and the same condition of birth together with them, why should they have a life so unlike unto ours, and differ so far from us in calling?"

That is a great manifesto. "Why should they have a life so unlike ours?" It is the perpetual interrogation of the poor. Speaking of the rebels in the American War of Independence, Burke asked, "The question is, not whether their spirit deserves praise or blame; but—what, in the name of God, shall we do with it?" That should be the statesman's question in all rebellion. But if the Earl of Warwick asked it, his only answer was to slaughter and hang, while citizens and landowners hounded him on until even he was sick of their blood-thirstiness, and inquired whether they would like ploughing and harrowing for themselves when all the laborers were killed. So the rebellion was drowned in blood, and British country-people have never dared to combine in such a protest again. But in that "Complaint" we seem to hear a voice that once found an echo in Rousseau, and a later echo in William Morris and Henry George and Tolstoy.

"STRICTLY NON-PARTY."

THERE is no doubt it was a good dinner. Indeed, without exaggeration, it might be described as a Great Dinner, viewed from the standpoint of those who know the satis-

faction which comes of having delightful things to eat and drink. Perhaps, as regards the social distinction of the diners, it compared unfavorably with an Academy Banquet, but it more than made up for that by the undeniable superiority of the meal. And, after all, there are still some who go to a dinner in order to dine, and the risk of finding yourself placed between bores is much the same whether the company be distinguished or not. An Academician may prove to be as uninteresting as an alderman, and retired Colonial Administrators, who are to be met with at all dinners, are pretty sure to throw one into a slumber about ten o'clock. The only wise course is to go to such entertainments in a frame of genial indifference as to who your neighbors may be, and, having lunched lightly and inexpensively, to trust that the dinner on its material side will reward you for the adventure. If you can become thus careless about your company and can concentrate on the essential business of dining, I do not hesitate to say that invitations from the great City Companies should not lightly be declined. Of course, there are always the after-dinner speeches which have to be listened to. Now and again an ingeniously contrived letter or telegram brought in to you at the table about 9.15 will allow you to leave in haste, but this dodge cannot be employed with any frequency, and, as a rule, we may assume that we must sit out the speeches as part-payment for the entertainment.

There is, however, one blessed feature of after-dinner oratory at the feasts of City Companies. The speeches are strictly non-party. Therein they differ agreeably from many social gatherings in London where a man with strong party leanings might quite easily find himself embarrassed by indiscreet references to current politics. Here, at the periodic banquets which are given in these fine old City Halls, men of all parties and of no party gather in response to the hospitable summons, secure that, no matter how fiercely the winds of disputation may blow outside, there will be four hours of blessed oblivion to all the differences which separate us elsewhere. It is not uncommon at such dinners to hear this eulogised as a proud trait in our national character, and, as a matter of fact, considerable stress was laid the other evening on this particular feature of the gathering. Of it I wish to set down some fleeting impressions before they are blurred by contact with a ruder world where party politics, alas, are not banned with such delicate care.

You must expect an eight-course dinner to be followed by a toast list of proportionate amplitude. In this case, expectation was not disappointed. When we reached the speeches, the note of non-party was struck at once in unmistakable tones. Thus: "My lords and gentlemen, I rise to give you the toast of 'His Majesty the King.' We in this ancient hall know no party and, whatever our individual political leanings may be, we have this at least in common, &c., &c., &c." Some like phraseology sufficed for "The Queen, Queen Alexandra, and the other members of the Royal Family." Then we lighted our magnificent long cigars, settled ourselves comfortably in our chairs, and listened to speeches on The Services. These afforded an opening for a more detailed expression of our entire aloofness from the blight of party. At the same time, the subject provoked the sounding of another note which reverberated at intervals throughout the proceedings, and which, briefly stated, was to the effect that, unless we took prompt steps to avert it, we should find ourselves all too soon at "the dogs." It seemed to me that the more we emphasised our temporary freedom from the thrall of party, the more clearly we perceived that we were treading a path which led straight to these abhorred kennels.

The proposer of the toast of the Navy and the Army said that, if we could bring ourselves to put politics aside for a moment, we should probably all agree that the state of the Army and the Navy left much to be desired. ("Hear, hear.") We lived in dangerous times, and he for one wished that His Majesty's present advisers showed a clearer perception of this fact. (Applause.) The distinguished sailor and the hardly less distinguished soldier who jointly responded, echoed all that had fallen, &c., &c. The breezy admiral remarked that there was no

blinking the fact that the margin of superiority which our Navy had held in the past, and which in his humble opinion it ought always to hold, over other navies not far distant from our shores, was becoming dangerously narrow, &c., &c. ("Hear, hear.") Cost what it might, the British Navy ought to be strengthened without delay. (Loud cheers.) To be prepared for war was the best way to ensure peace. (Applause.) If it were known that we could blow any and every other navy of the world into smithereens, no man in the eminent company he was addressing would live to see this country attacked. (Renewed cheers.) They might take his word for that. He had no intention of trespassing on forbidden ground, but he hoped that, as a sailor who had nothing to do with party politics, he might be allowed before he sat down to urge that our Sailor-King's advice, "Wake up England!" should be acted upon, and that without a moment's delay, by those responsible for maintaining the British Navy in a state, &c., &c. (Long and continued applause.)

The elderly general who followed had a still more gloomy tale to unfold. To him it appeared to be a plain and indisputable fact that, for all practical purposes, we have no Army! He might be old-fashioned and out-of-date—(cries of "No!")—but he was bound to say that for his part, while he wished the Territorials all success, he could not regard them as any adequate substitute for, &c., &c. (Applause.) Putting party politics wholly out of consideration, and speaking merely as an old soldier who had spent fifty years in the Army, he believed that nothing short of compulsory service would give us real and lasting security. (Torrential cheering, no one present being under forty.)

When we reached the toast of the Houses of Parliament, proposer and responders alike realised that they were on delicate ground. (Laughter.) But each and all were resolved that, in what fell from them, they would, so far as possible, steer clear of the contentions of party. (Cheers.) As regards the House of Lords, whatever we may think about it to-day, we all know that in times past it had proved itself a bulwark of safety when a House of Commons, possessing a fleeting majority, obtained, perhaps, in a moment of caprice, &c., &c. (Applause.) As regards the present position of the House of Lords, no one, to whatever party they belonged, could regard the existing state of affairs as satisfactory. ("Hear, hear.") The Upper House was in a state of suspended animation, and the sooner that was ended the better for all. (Cheers.) What was wanted, if he might be allowed to express his own opinion as a City man, was that the House of Lords should be made not weaker, but stronger—(applause)—and consequently better able to stand firm, &c., &c. (Renewed applause.) As for the House of Commons, men of all parties deplored the condition to which it had been reduced by closure and guillotine. For this, no doubt, both parties must share a certain measure of blame. (Murmurs of dissent.) Freedom of debate was a national safety-valve, and, if various unnamed persons persisted in sitting on the safety-valve, an explosion would follow in which they (the seated ones) would fare very ill. (Laughter and cheers.) As regards the recent activities of the House of Commons, perhaps the less he said, the better—(laughter)—but he hoped he should hurt the feelings of no one present that evening if he said that it would be a happy day when we no longer saw any tinkering with the ties which bind together the United Kingdom—(loud cheers)—and an equally happy day when the property of an ancient church would be secure from the attack of men who, being honorable enough in private life—(cries of "Oh! Oh!")—would never dream of robbing their neighbors, and yet thought it no crime to rob God. (Great applause.) He hoped he had not transgressed the unwritten rule that party politics should be barred in that hall, but he knew that in what he had said he carried with him not merely Churchmen but the best of the Nonconformists also. (Renewed cheers. Looking closely at the speaker, I decided that his own race possessed the most ancient creed of all.)

I forget the rest. According to my watch, the speech-

making had occupied two hours. I have known two weeks in the Alps to slip by more quickly. I left in a state of gloomy apprehension. Never till then had I realised how the national situation presented itself to a body of men not blinded by party. It seemed all too clear that most English institutions were tottering, and that our beloved country itself was in no better case. True, there was the hope, freely and often expressed during the evening, that, before it was too late, strong hands would seize the helm, reins, or wheel (as the image required). At heart the Nation was sound enough. I did not gather that this was intended as a testimonial to any weekly journal. It related, so far as I could discover, to some vast, impalpable force of middle-aged men who know no party, and who may yet step forth and save the State when the hour strikes. I inferred that the time for this army to move into action might very likely synchronise with the next General Election.

Musing on the national doom, only thus to be averted, I allowed an attendant to call a cab. When the driver demanded of me, "Where to, sir?" I nearly replied, "To the Dogs!" But, as I drove home, I grew more cheerful, and at last I actually smiled. I think this was when I found myself wondering what manner of speeches I should have listened to if these honest souls, throwing aside for once their self-denying ordinance to eschew party politics, had really let themselves go!

R.

THE WHOLE-JOB MAN.

THE field called Sickleys, or Sickle-lease, or what not, is in clover after corn. The clover has covered the stubble, and presents, with one trifling exception, an uniform sheet of verdure that does the heart good. The exception is a long, thin line of indefinite yellow running about half-way through the fourteen acres. It is not so noticeable as it was. When we walk through the field at right angles we step across its bare inch of breadth, and then the eye, running right or left along it, traces it all the way to the hedge. It is a "balk," and as it runs all the way from hedge to hedge the country folk say that before the year is out some member of the farmer's family must die. It shows where one little spoon-spoked wheel in the drill failed to go round and deliver its seed into one of the tubes, or where one of the colters got choked up and failed to re-open through a whole journey of the machine. Soon it may be lost in the luxuriance of spring growth, or it may be seeded by Nature with blue or scarlet or yellow which will draw a line of alien color still more glaringly through the clover.

The murderer goes free, but bears the brand of Cain. Everybody knows that it was young Jarge (aged sixty-six) whose negligence at the drill last May is seen in this banshee "balk" across the face of Sickleys. A cotton weaver might throw such a sign of inattention into his piece without needing to remember it for a week. The eye that falls on it now, twelve thousand miles away, has never seen one of the million Lancashire hands who are collectively responsible for it. The defective rivet or the weak link in a cable chain goes into the sea monster unremembered, and if it shall bring about her total loss, no mechanic reading the newspaper says, "I did it." It is only at men like young Jarge that Dame Nature points the accusing finger, months after the event, and says, "Thus badly," or "Thus well thee did that." The doer is certain to hear of it. He comes like a schoolboy to hear the marks read out, for there is nothing the agricultural worker likes better than to go and look at some growing job he started, and see how Nature is getting along with it.

To the majority of our working population the joy, the interest, and the responsibility of the whole-job are unknown. The pride of the town-worker in a completed work is like that of the boy who gloried in having cleaned the windows of the case-room in which Bellows's great dictionary was set up. That was a soul-stirring work that excited the staff down to the smallest office-boy. We have no doubt that the windows were most conscientiously cleaned, and, properly considered, they were more of a whole job than commonly falls to the lot of

the worker. It was possible for the operator to think, not after but long before Gilbert, "I'll polish 'em up so carefuller that soon I'll be ruler of the Queen's Navée." And there were the windows far more conspicuous than a stick of type, staring the whole town in the face like a field of well-planted clover, a standing advertisement to catch the eye of any citizen greedy of the honor of providing a back for a future Lord Mayor.

In the country nearly all the work is of the kind that, when finished, bears the signature "*Jarge fecit*." The very same man who, by a rare lapse, drew the balk across Sickleys, is at present engaged in putting in a drain, perhaps the last chain of a hundred miles of agricultural drain for which he is responsible. He has cut the trench eight feet deep through the blue clay, which is piled aside like scoops of fat cheese, as his narrow draining-spade took it out. The little red pipes lie there in a level row soon to be covered from sight for a generation or more. But the badness or excellence of the work will be seen in the crop of wheat at present standing on the gravelly ground tapped by the head of the drain. It will be seen there through every crop and at every gleaming just as plainly as though the trench were left open, and every settlement and twist of the line of pipes noted. In beans and in vetches, in barley and oats, in mangolds and maize, it will be just as though, after the manner seen upon railway station platforms, the seeds had been sown into the legend, "*Jarge fecit*."

This peculiar type of responsibility for everything that a man does cannot fail to have a meaning. If the face is an index of character, Nature will paint her lesson there as faithfully as she paints her testimony to the excellence of basic slag on the broad lands where it has been thrown. It may come out in the battle-fields of Cressy, Waterloo, and Kirk Kilissé, or it may appear in the reports of our country-recruited Metropolitan police, but its best results will remain at home. Major Gambier-Parry says in his very interesting volume, "*Allegories of the Land*" (Smith, Elder):—

"To take a turn at plough or harrow with these men in the field is to find, far more often than not, a serenity and hopefulness, a certain sturdiness, with a miscellaneous knowledge, that means ready contrivance under an endless variety of emergencies. . . . When things go wrong, they mean fighting; and they won't chuck the business in hand at such times because the clock strikes the hour for work to end, or because the things to be saved are not directly theirs. Their forbears were not given to do that in other fields; and the spirit that made the men then still operates to make the men of the land now."

We know very well that "miscellaneous knowledge" of the country workman. It is not so much knowledge as common sense and belief in one's own powers. The agricultural laborer is the true "handy man." The sailor, who has taken that title, has more than a suspicion of agricultural parentage, and, after all, his feats do not place those of the pure agriculturist in the shade. Captain Scott took the naval guns to Ladysmith, but the Boers brought their Long Toms, and De Wett devised a means of breaking the block-house lines that could scarcely be improved upon. We have never seen our particular driller and ditch-digger beaten by any engineering problem that has presented itself on the farm. From the way in which he handled a certain massive stone gate-post he was asked to set up, we should have inferred, had we not known it, that it was countrymen that erected Stonehenge and other Dolmens, concerning which it is fashionable but not true to say that we could not, with all our engineering facilities, imitate them to-day. It is miscellaneous experience and not miscellaneous knowledge that makes the agricultural workman a handy man. It is the fact that he has so often to rely upon himself only that makes him so full of "ready contrivance."

He is an ideal employee, because he has but to be told to do a thing and may be depended upon to find a way to do it. The cowman is an expert in his own line, almost a vet., but he is also a carpenter, a hedger, and many other things. Each man in his place is more than the farmer's right hand, because he does more than the farmer can do or perhaps criticise. The one thing that he cannot do is to get for himself a sufficient wage. It

is a lack of which the present world takes serious note, though the man who works for work's sake may be an important asset hereafter. Major Gambier-Parry cites the case of Joyce Young, "always reckoned the cleverest woman in the parish, and as good as a man in the field." At stooking she was wonderful; she could fill a fruit-kipe quicker than most men; never a dock that she set hands on grew again; she was perfectly reliable in the war against thistles. An invaluable woman, the reader might say, though he would hold his tongue when he came to consider the wage she received, and how, in spite of her tireless industry, she was forced in the end to take charity. The author tells her story without comment at the beginning of a chapter he has labelled "Parasites." Such treatment is not in accordance with the scheme of his book, which is a kindly statement of country manners, as much in praise of the farmer and squire as anybody, and tenderly appreciative of the world of Nature. What does a little wage injustice matter when the mavis is singing or two wood pigeons are calling to one another? Who cares to talk economics on an August evening with a languor in the air "as though summer wearied of herself"? As long as the fact is certain, does it matter by how much the whole-job man is more than worthy of his hire?

Short Studies.

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

I FELT it difficult to approach the subject, for I thought they had been lovers; but she spoke without constraint.

"It's so funny to know that he is dead," she said; "it's not a month since I saw him last, and he was so well then."

She looked at me straight with her brown, sunlit eyes; there was a strange dauntlessness about her that baffled me.

"And now when I shut my eyes, I see his face so clearly, so alive, that I can't believe that it doesn't exist any longer, anywhere. I wonder if it is always like that when people die—even the changing expressions of his mouth, that look of being half-amused, half-puzzled—you know it?"

I nodded, for I had known him well in the casual, superficial way one knows so many people.

"And when I don't shut them too," she added quietly.

She was sitting on the oak chest beside the window, her hands in her lap. Outside there was sun; it shone across her hair and slant-wise over the room. She has always seemed to me a strangely golden person. There was a long pause. I did not feel enough at ease with her to speak freely even now.

She leaned one elbow on the window-sill, and looked out into the garden; Louise was there watering her rose-bed, and a humble-bee buzzed sleepily against the glass.

"You know," she said, turning to me again, "what seems so odd is that one didn't know it was the last time—and we had been talking about death only the day before. It was at Cawthorpe, just three weeks ago—twenty-five days ago that is, now. We went down into the big wheat field after dinner to see the end of the harvest, and we talked about harvests being always the same for such hundreds of years, and people living and dying—you know the sort of thing?" She smiled slightly and glanced up.

"Life with a big L," I suggested, and then was ashamed of my apparent levity.

She nodded quietly.

"Yes," she said, "that's it."

"And he was afraid of death," she added slowly, "because it was so strange and unknown. And he said that what made it easy to face things was the exuberance of life in one—the feeling that one would always jump up again and go on, and in death one wouldn't have that. He was standing by the little gate into the upper field—that little broken gate, and when he had said it, he

laughed, and in front of us, over the house, there was still sunset, just the end of it, and behind the night was beginning, one could see the stars very faint; I noticed them, I remember, as I turned to answer him. And then he went up through the plantation and across the terrace, you know the way, into the wood. And under the trees it was almost dark; and we walked along the path at the edge above the paddock. A bramble caught his sleeve and tore it, a funny triangular hole; and there were little toads, lots of them, hopping across the grass; and we stopped and looked back to where we had been, to the wheat field and over the pond. And rooks rose up from Far Wood, cawing, and they flew towards us in a great crowd, circling about in the sky that was nearly dark; and they came nearer and nearer till they were almost overhead, and then they swerved off to the left towards East Wood and the End Farm, and we watched them sink down among the trees, and the cawing died away bit by bit, with little last remaining notes. And we both felt sad, suddenly, you know that queer way the cawing of rooks does make one sad, especially in the evening.

"I remember it all so distinctly. It is rather funny, don't you think? because it never occurred to me that I should not see him again."

Again there was silence.

I called to mind one day when I had met them walking together down an empty street, and how strong and young they both looked; so tall and such bright eyes. It had been a pleasure to see them on that foggy day. I could not bear to know that picture destroyed.

"Are you very happy?" I asked abruptly. The question shocked me by its brutality, but it was asked before I had time to check it. I had a strange desire to know what she really felt, and her own frankness evoked mine.

"I think I am glad for him," she answered slowly, "because he won't grow old. It was all at its best, just at its best. He can't get disillusioned now, and I am glad for that."

"And for yourself?"

She glanced at me half sideways.

"I think it is a good thing to know someone who is dead," she said. "One doesn't know a bit what it is like before."

I looked at her incredulously.

"And that makes up?" I asked.

She shrugged slightly, and turned away.

"I don't suppose I quite realise it yet," she added, as though afraid I might misinterpret the gesture.

I agreed with her, and remarked sympathetically that it was well for her she did not.

Again she glanced at me.

"Perhaps," she said, "and by the time I do realise it I shan't mind."

Was she cynical or merely callous? I could not tell. I despaired of trying to understand the rising generation.

"You don't really mean that," I said gently.

She shook her head.

"I shan't care about him for very long, not as I do now. Next summer I shall walk in the cornfields with someone else, probably, and we shall see the sunset and the rooks, and say the same things—that's the advantage of being young—why should I pretend I don't know? But that doesn't make it any better now! You don't understand that, I suppose! Nothing makes it any better now. What is the good of knowledge or experience or anything? I don't see. I can't see."

Abruptly she stood up and turned from me.

"It seems a waste, somehow," she said in a strange, breaking voice, leaning one hand against the wall.

"Oh, I can't bear it!" and with a sudden sob, she had opened the door and was gone. I watched her cross the lawn and disappear between the rows of sweet peas. I felt very sorry for her, yet more than ever convinced that there is something unnatural and unsatisfactory in the young people of to-day. I reflected, too, with some sadness, that she would not have made him a good wife after all.

ROSALIND MURRAY.

Communications.

THE TWO "GENERALS."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In the English comments on the recent South African Ministerial crisis one has looked in vain for a true appraisal of the issues. They have either been content with glowing eulogies of General Botha as a soldier-statesman, or, as in the case of THE NATION, revealed a silent sense of disappointment at what might appear from a distance to be the partial collapse of the Liberal policy of trust and self-government as a conciliatory power.

The conflicting issues are baffling in the extreme. It is not the straight issue of racialism *versus* conciliation which English commentators, deriving their pabulum from the magnate-subsidised papers of the Rand, would lead one to suppose. Even the Radical journals have given General Hertzog—the only morally virile member of the late Ministry—a decidedly cold shoulder. A little inquiry, preferably on the spot, should convince home journalists that the marooned Minister is the one man among present possible office-holders to whom the working classes here of whatever race and color can look for disinterested and fearless championship of their grievances.

The issues are undoubtedly threefold—viz., Racial, Imperial, and Social; and the verdict of impartial retrospect may be that they were least potent in proportion as they were most obtruded on the political arena.

With regard to the racial issue, I have been unable to detect in any of Hertzog's speeches anything that might be termed racial. His notorious speech of a few weeks ago, when he branded his opponents as "foreign adventurers," has been the main instrument of counter-attack on the part of those who accuse him of inciting to racial hate. That speech was concerned in defining the "good Afrikaner," and he then took pains to explain that "whereas some Englishmen would not develop into good Afrikaners if they lived to be a hundred, there were happily many who were among the best the day after they landed." Were there no interests on the Rand whose concern it is to keep alive the racial controversy, to the exclusion of schemes so urgently needed of social and economic reforms, Hertzog's little Nationalistic enthusiasm would be treated with traditional English good humor as the bluff expressions of a man who has observed that the continued iteration of "conciliation" and "co-operation" by his leader has resulted in nothing but the sneers of the Rand press.

The Imperial issue is much plainer. On this issue Colonel Leuchars forced the dissolution. Sir Thomas Smartt, in a speech at Grahamstown, asserted that the interests of the Empire should come before those of South Africa. He was speaking on the question of a naval contribution. Hertzog immediately challenged this pernicious dictum in his De Wildt speech—a glowing restatement of the true ideals to be sought after in South African politics. "To him," he said, "South Africa came first on all occasions." Botha complained that he had gratuitously raised a dilemma. But read as a refutation of the Opposition Leader's doctrine, one is compelled to ask how long is the policy of conciliation going to enforce a one-sided silence on Hertzog, when it seems to him necessary to sound a call back to true democratic ideals?

Racialism and Imperialism are largely shibboleths, affecting the man in the street very little. But Hertzog's views on the native problem were a menace to vast interests. Mr. W. H. Andrews, perhaps the finest member of that small group of Labor Members of Parliament from which so much is hoped, speaking at Cape Town recently, said:—

"Why had General Botha thrown over General Hertzog? The Government was backed up by the Capitalist Party just as the Unionist Party was, and by much the same sort of people. It might be for that reason that General Hertzog was thrown over. It might be that he had been too straight-spoken; that he had said what others only thought. It might be that he had said that it was not altogether the best thing to introduce natives from Portuguese territory; and this may not have pleased Sir J. Langerman and Sir George Albu. That was the cause—that he blurted out the truth at times."

Those who regard Hertzog as a rampant racial demagogue should ponder how Nationalist leaders in the past, having arrived at a stage when their cause is largely acknowledged, seem to realise that, after all, Nationalism cannot be great on its own right, but must fight on for great causes to live. Now their vistas are enlarged from the rights of Nationality to envisage the needs of humble men, and now they are carried by a wave of nationalism (as Lloyd George was, and Hertzog is commonly dubbed the Lloyd George of South Africa) into the service of struggling humanity.

General Hertzog is the first Minister of the Union to set afoot measures for grappling with the native problem in a spirit aiming at the betterment of both black and white. It is not his fault that the dissolution has contrived to shelve that policy. I have already arrogated too much space to give a *resumé* of this great problem. One would need to be not merely a resident of the Union, but a South African wage-earner to feel the throttling sense of slow incapacitation undergone by the whites here through the steady invasion of all spheres of labor by the native, while the only possible refuge—the land—is locked up in a monopoly of the few as hopeless as it is possible to conceive.

The "bywoning" and "squatting" systems whereby landowners avail themselves of the servile dependence of the landless Dutch, in the one case, and, in the other, resort to Kaffir squatters to cultivate the land on half-shares, wholly dispensing with white aids, the pass laws and indentured labor systems, which allow thousands of natives to be imported annually from Portuguese territory—forced thereto by specially designed hut-taxes—to work on the mines under twentieth-century forms of slavery, all for the benefit of European shareholders and Portuguese tax-gatherers—these are the main features of the native labor system—a huge exploitation of black and white workers in the interests of that iron goddess, Industry.

During the last six months, General Hertzog has repeatedly drawn attention to the pressing nature of the problem, to the appalling fact that a quarter of a million young people were growing up in the Union with no prospects in life other than to swell the already overcrowded ranks of the overseers of Kaffir labor. He declared himself at work framing a policy of drastic reform, to submit to the Union Parliament at the forthcoming session. Great things were hoped from him by men who had no interest in sounding the racial drum. For his are the only Ministerial speeches which glow with the inner fire of earnest thought. But the vested interests were too vast. A sigh of relief went up when Hertzog's portfolio of native affairs was entrusted to Mr. Sauer.

It is to be hoped that readers of home journals will not always regard Hertzog in terms of racialism, but as a virile Nationalist crystallising into an ardent social reformer, a scholar, and an idealist, whose view of men and affairs is enthusiastically moral.—Yours, &c.,

DR. IVORN JONES.

Germiston, Transvaal.

[We shall publish next week a letter on the South African situation from a somewhat different point of view.—ED., NATION.]

Letters to the Editor.

MR. ROGER FRY'S CRITICISM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Roger Fry and I between us have now brought the discussion to a very pretty point. Alma-Tadema, we agree, was an artist; and Picasso and Matisse are drawing masters. In Picasso's case, Mr. Fry points out, the vocation is hereditary.

I should hardly have dared to say as much single-handed; but there is a good deal to be said for this classification. All advanced movements in art are forced to sacrifice art to propaganda to some extent. Whistler exhibited drawings in which the faces were deliberately spoiled by slashing a pencil three or four times across them, because in no other way could the artist force people to look for the qualities

he was teaching them to appreciate, instead of admiring the prettiness of the face, and wondering what the sitter's name was. Matisse and Picasso do the same thing, not by defacing but by omitting the popularities. Far from fulfilling Mr. Fry's definition of an artist as one who "cannot consciously consider the effect of what he does on others," they keep considering it to the extent of violently avoiding all the Alma-Tadema qualities, so as to force us to discover the qualities they are determined to teach us to recognise and value.

This inveterate pedagogy is very French; but it is characteristic of great artists of all nations. It is not the congenial side of art. Mr. Fry does not like it in literature: he tells me, for instance, that my genius is "ethical rather than artistic." Like Dante's, in fact, or Shelley's, or Bunyan's, or anybody's whose art is worth twopence.

I rather agree with Mr. Fry that what was wrong with Alma-Tadema was that he had no doctrine to preach. Mr. Fry puts it that "his statements were hesitating and lacked conviction"; but surely the root of the matter is that he had nothing to state except that he liked Miss Ponsonby de Tompkins and white marble and cherry blossoms. That was not a statement of "a discovery of harmonious and significant relations." This phrase puts the matter excellently; but I submit that the discovery of harmonious and significant relations is essentially a theological activity, and that it is not lucid to describe it elsewhere as a "detached and irresponsible contemplation of things." Rather would I say that Alma-Tadema was detached and irresponsible; that he sipped every flower and changed every hour, until Polly his passion required.

Mr. Clive Bell is ingenious; but I wish he would work out his distinction between academic drawing and æsthetic drawing a little further. If he does, he will find there is no such distinction. There is practised professional drawing, and there is unpractised untrained drawing; and it was on this distinction that Sir William Richmond and Sir Philip Burne-Jones seem to me to have gone wildly wrong. Good and bad drawing is quite another matter. It is, as Mr. Roger Fry sees, an ethical matter: the words "good" and "bad" imply as much. If you draw a man's leg and offer it as a drawing of a man's leg, you are doing right. If you draw the leg of a Greek statue and say that it is a drawing of a man's leg, you are doing wrong. But the Greek sculptor may have been quite right to make his statue with that sort of leg, and eight heads high into the bargain. He did it because he wanted to teach something in that highest manner of teaching which is revelation. The academic method is essentially the detached, irresponsible method; or, as I should call it, the ready-made, reach-me-down, art-for-art's-sake method. There is nothing detached, nothing irresponsible, nothing ready-made, nothing reach-me-down about revelation. In short, Mr. Roger Fry is quite right; and so am I; but I am an older hand at straightening the matter out. "*Anch'io son pittore.*"

Finally, let me dispose once and for ever of Giotto's O. To our gentlemen painters, who despise "trade finish" (which is too hard for them), the feat of Giotto seems a miracle; and whilst their cackle prevails, we shall never hear the end of Ruskin's story. Now listen to my story. One day I was in the studio—about as large as the goods-yard of a big railway company, and not altogether unlike it—of Mr. Harker, the eminent scene painter. Mr. Harker was at work, not with a palette and a dainty assortment of brushes in the thumb-hole, but with a broom and a bucket, with which he was converting about an acre of canvas spread upon the ground into a meadow. He put down his broom to discuss a scene which I wanted; and, presently, to illustrate what he proposed to do, he took a pencil out of his pocket, and drew on an upright flat a perfect circle, the size of a dinner-plate, exactly as Giotto did for the Pope's messenger, except that Giotto seems to have considered it something of a feat, whereas to Mr. Harker it was the most matter-of-course incident in his daily routine. I could not resist the temptation to tell Mr. Harker the story of Giotto. Mr. Harker's first impression was, I suspect, that Ruskin must have been a quite abysmal juggins to have been impressed by so simple a matter. Then, the pride of the craftsman rising in him, he called for a piece of chalk, and with one sweep drew a big circle with, as it seemed to me, the accuracy of a lathe, and in a twentieth of the time it would

have taken to employ a pair of dividers. But he immediately said: "No: that's not right"; and, with one more sweep, corrected it—painting the lily, I thought. Since then I have dropped the subject of Giotto and his tricks on travellers.

My last word to Mr. Roger Fry is one of thanks for his eager didacticism, his resolute attachment and serious responsibility, and of hope that his appeal for the means of establishing a workshop in London to keep this country in the forefront of European art, and incidentally to gain for his brave band of English Post-Impressionist painters and craftsmen something more succulent to eat than the abuse of Sir William and Sir Philip, will be generously responded to by the millionaires who seem so pitifully at a loss for something really useful and enlightened to do with their heaps of spare money.—Yours, &c.,

G. BERNARD SHAW.

February 26th, 1913.

THE "GIFT" OF H.M.S. "MALAYA."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The "gift" of a battleship from a free people is one thing; the exaction of tribute from a people who are not free and who are unrepresented is quite a different thing. Information has reached me from the Straits Settlements that the puppets and marionettes who are known as the Sultans and Rajahs of the Federated Malay States have no more power over the revenues of their country than the dirtiest boy in the least hygienic of London slums.

This is no party matter. Squeezing a battleship out of the Malays and Chinese of the Federated States reverses the tradition that England does not accept tribute from a conquered or protected people who are unrepresented. The statement that the "gift" of a battleship "Malaya" comes from "the Rajahs and People" is untrue. The statement that the burden of the cost will not fall upon the people is also untrue. Whether the money be raised by direct taxation, by export duties, or by loan, the workers, whether of brain or of muscle, will have to pay—and they have not been consulted.

I trust that you will use your influence to procure the relief of the people of the Malay States from the burden of the cost of a battleship which was squeezed out of them by methods that point to a rigorous overhauling of the Colonial Office.—Yours, &c.,

ARNOLD WHITE.

Windmill Cottage, Farnham Common, Bucks.

February 25th, 1913.

THE SCOTTISH TEMPERANCE BILL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your reference in this week's issue to this Bill, and to the action of the House of Lords in handling it, provides your Scottish readers with an additional argument for pressing the demands for Home Rule for Scotland. The House of Commons has at length passed a Bill which would actually have been enacted twenty-five years ago if Scotland had had legislative control of her own affairs. The House of Lords makes vital amendments on that Bill which no substantial body of Scottish opinion has asked for, and your Scottish readers find, with amazement, that you disregard the wishes of the people of Scotland who are to be affected by the Bill and of their responsible representatives in the House of Commons who know these wishes at first hand, in order to prefer provisions which the House of Lords would like to impose upon the Scottish people. The "Manchester Guardian," another most respected organ of English Liberal opinion, has fallen into the same mistake. The "Daily News" erred temporarily; but becoming rightly informed about the wishes of Scotland, has properly decided that we are entitled to get what we have been demanding for more than a generation, and that we are not entitled to accept what outsiders think we ought to prefer.

You state as to the amendments of the House of Lords: "In our view, the Bill would have been improved by all these additions, conspicuously by the first and second." The first extends the time-notice from five to ten years. The concession of five years is in itself a compromise, and is an addition to the twenty-five years' notice which the "trade" has already received, owing to neglect on the part of Parliament to give Scotland the legislation for which during that

long period she has been ripe. The second addition whose loss you deplore is the added option of disinterested management. Because some people in the South wish to test the result of this method of conducting the trade, the simple options which we in Scotland have long asked the right to vote upon are to be confused, and, through the confusion, possibly rendered abortive, by the addition of an option, certainly not of our asking.

Are you in doubt as to Scottish opinion on the subject? There can be none as to the attitude of our temperance organisations. They have consented, reluctantly, to five years' notice; they refuse absolutely to have anything to do with a management option, and, rightly or wrongly, decline to believe that through that avenue any ultimate temperance reform is to be reached. But, setting them aside, what about the general exponents of Scottish opinion to whom Government may be supposed to look for guidance? Town Councils and Parish Councils have time and again petitioned in favor of local option, and not one of them has ever expressed a desire that the option of "management" should be added to the options in the Bill. The political forces immediately behind the Government are most directly represented by the Scottish Liberal Association, which, without a dissentient voice, at the annual conference held at Aberdeen three months ago, repudiated the amendments proposed by the House of Lords. The Executive of the same Association two weeks ago affirmed the same repudiation, and tendered warm thanks to the Secretary for Scotland for upholding Scottish opinion; and in the annual report, just issued, and which may, meantime, be held as expressing the opinion of the Executive, but which the annual business meeting of the Association is certain to confirm, it is stated that the action of the House of Lords is "an attempt to foist upon Scotland provisions to which there is every reason to believe Scottish public opinion is strongly opposed, and the Government has earned the gratitude of the Scottish people for the strenuous resistance it has offered to the Lords' proposals."

Under these circumstances, I think that we in Scotland are entitled to expect that, whatever may be your opinion as to the proposals of the House of Lords in relation to English conditions, you will uphold the Government in giving to Scotland the legislation which Scotland has asked for. Experience of the working of local option in terms of the Bill as approved by the House of Commons may show us that a further step is needed, and particularly that arrangements are required relative to the conduct of the trade within those areas which decide to retain it in restricted form. That experience may lead us towards "management," or quite as likely towards decreeing that the placing of the necessary licences for the full triennial period shall be determined by sealed tender for the privilege, so that the full monopoly value will pass into the public exchequer. Agreement on that point will best be reached as the result of the actual working of local option, and here in Glasgow the licensing authorities which are called upon to make reductions in certain areas in consequence of the first vote will have no difficulty in selecting the victims from the holders of plurality in licences.

Scottish opinion demands the House of Commons Bill—under the Parliament Act if need be.—Yours, &c.,
JOHN GORDON.

(Vice-President East Renfrewshire Liberal Council).
Glasgow, February 23rd, 1913.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is difficult to understand the unsympathetic attitude which a progressive paper like THE NATION adopts to the Scottish Temperance Bill. One can only hope that it is due to ignorance. Why should Scotland wait for another weary ten years, and then gratefully accept a mutilated version of what she wants and considers essential to national well-being?—Yours, &c.,
M. M. ANDERSON.

10, Park Terrace, Glasgow.
February 25th, 1913.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In THE NATION of last week you make it a reproach against the Government—not, I think, for the first time—that it has not accepted any of the main amendments of the House of Lords on the Scottish Temperance Bill. As

my position with regard to the most important of these—for the option of disinterested management—is perhaps exceptional, I may be allowed to express it in your columns. As an option greatly preferable on various grounds to private license, I believe in disinterested management, which, as I think, has never yet been fairly considered or understood by the majority of temperance people; and I have supported it publicly and privately while the question could still be regarded as an open one. (Let me say that I reckon the "trust" public-house quite a different matter.) Now, and for this Bill, I cannot regard the question as still open. There are, of course, many in Scotland who hold with me that an ideal Temperance Bill for Scotland would contain that option with the rest; and probably Lord Balfour of Burleigh speaks fairly enough for the circles of his own acquaintance in making the singular claim (which has, however, a familiar sound in the House of Lords) that he represents in this matter "the unorganised majority"—I think these are his words—of the people of Scotland. Without any hesitation I maintain that, by all the indications, the great majority of the people of Scotland who have any mind on the subject, and assuredly the overwhelming majority of those who have shown any care for temperance reform, are decisively against the inclusion of that option. In face of the repeated decisions of the Scottish Grand Committee and of the House of Commons, and especially the Scottish votes in it, on these questions that concern Scotland alone, which have been long debated in Scotland, and on which Scotland has spoken so clearly, the Lords' amendments, quite apart from their abstract merits, appear to me to be only another instance of the habitual and unchangeable political insolence of the Lords. The action of a few Scottish and other Liberal Members in taking over the amendments of the Lords, after they themselves had been beaten on them in the Grand Committee and in the Commons, and in using these amendments and the exigencies of the political situation as a means of harassing the Government and endangering the Bill as a whole for the sake of pushing their minority view, will, it is to be hoped, receive due notice among their constituents. They tell us, some of them at least, that theirs is really a majority view, and that the Government is misrepresenting Scottish opinion in this matter—a statement in which one must recognise the merit of hardihood. Where, in that case, are the public resolutions from Scotland asking for the fourth option? If there are any, which I doubt, the public does not hear much about them. There are many against it. The Bill, you say, "was hard ridden in the Commons," and others tell us that the votes of Scottish Members in Committee and in the House who were really favorable to the option were extorted against it by the Government Whips. They do not explain to us why the Government chooses so to suppress and misrepresent Scottish opinion in the matter, and such an explanation does not seem to be very easy if, as you suppose, the Government themselves "are favorable to the principle of disinterested management." And what, in that view, is to be said of the purely unofficial and voluntary circular letter, signed by most of the Scottish Liberal Members, congratulating Mr. McKinnon Wood on his resistance to the amendments? Or was it, too, engineered by the inexplicable perversity of the Whips?

Whatever is to be said—and I still think there is much to be said—on the merits of disinterested management, it is a question for the future. The one business in the meantime is to get this Bill through in the only form in which it is demanded and supported by Scotland, or has a chance of passage. If the people are ever to be brought to the view that the fourth option is necessary or advisable, nothing will do that more effectively, or offer a better chance for propaganda, than a few years' experience of the working of this Bill as it stands.

I say nothing of the impracticabilities of Lord Salisbury's actual scheme for disinterested management, nor of the other two principal amendments of the Lords—the ten years' time limit and compulsory insurance, which I regard as preposterous. It would not be at all surprising to be told that Scotland is crying out for them. Is not the House of Lords, in these days, the supreme guardian and representative of our liberties?—Yours, &c.,
JOHN D. SINCLAIR.

Stanley, Perthshire.
February 24th, 1913.

"THE MEANING OF CONSCRIPTION."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As no reply has been made from the National Service League point of view to the article in your issue of the 15th, I hope you will allow me to offer some comment thereon. The idea which has found utterance in your columns, that there has been some dishonesty on the part of Lord Roberts and his fellow-workers, some involuntary disclosure of hitherto concealed motives, is surely born of a failure to understand what the National Service League is aiming at. The League has maintained for ten years past, and still maintains, that the adoption of compulsory service in the Territorial Force would bring about—as regards our military position—two distinct results.

First, we should have a Territorial Army, properly equipped, trained in time of peace, ready to guard the country against the danger of raid or invasion in case it should ever be necessary to send the Expeditionary Force and any considerable part of the Fleet away from our shores. Secondly, there would be in the country a large number of trained men, no longer belonging to the Territorial Army, still in the prime of life as regards military efficiency, many of whom would undoubtedly volunteer for service abroad in case of need, and would thus be available for keeping the Expeditionary Force up to the required strength. To put it numerically: If 150,000 men of twenty years of age joined the Territorial Army every year, and stayed in it for four years, there would, at the end of eight years, be 600,000 trained men of twenty to twenty-four years of age in the Territorial Army, and there would also be in the country 600,000 other trained men of twenty-four to twenty-eight years of age who would be a military asset of the highest value as possible volunteers for service with an Expeditionary Force. This—no more and no less—is what National Service League workers, with Lord Roberts at their head, have been saying and writing for ten years past. The passage quoted in your issue of February 15th from Lord Roberts's recent speech in the House of Lords contains nothing which has not been put forward a thousand times in National Service League leaflets and speeches. Immediately following that passage comes the statement familiar to all who have ever looked into the subject: "The introduction of universal military training would give us an army which would render all thought of the invasion of this country out of the question, and, in addition, it would provide a potential reserve from which we could confidently rely on a sufficient number of properly trained men voluntarily coming forward to replace casualties, and strengthen the Regular Army fighting abroad."

Apart from the question of whether the thousandth repetition of one's reasons for advocating a policy can fairly be looked upon as a "confession" as to the true object of the policy, there is another consideration which ought, I think, to be borne in mind.

The Report of the Elgin Commission says: "No military system will be satisfactory which does not contain powers of expansion outside the limit of the Regular Forces of the Crown." It is, I suppose, possible to believe that the signers of this Report meant to suggest compulsory service in the Regular Army. To my mind there is very little doubt that they meant exactly what they said; and there can surely be no doubt whatever (1) that, short of compulsory service in the Regular Army, the demand set forth by the Commission can only be met by some such scheme as that of the National Service League; and (2) that if the country contained, outside the Regular Army, half a million men of twenty-five to thirty years of age, who had had six months' continuous military training, we should feel a good deal more confidence about the future than anybody feels to-day.—Yours, &c.,

T. G. MARTIN.

2, Anderson Street, Chelsea, S.W.
February 23rd, 1913.

GOVERNMENT AND PRIVATE CONTRACTS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—With much of the criticism contained in the excellent article on "The Ethics of the Rowdy Journal" I am in general agreement; but have you done even Mr. Maxse justice in the concluding passages of the article? You say:

"He will produce no letters, name no writers, give no facts." It is impossible to reconcile this statement with the shorthand notes of Mr. Maxse's evidence. Mr. Maxse declined to give any names; but he offered to supply the facts and the information contained in the letters. No doubt, you have been misled by the newspaper reports. I must make this comment upon the newspaper reports of this investigation: that they convey—whether wilfully, I do not pretend to say—a wholly wrong impression of the evidence as tendered in the words of the witnesses. There is something very peculiar about the consistency of this misrepresentation of the evidence. It is another sample of the unfortunate incidents connected with this Marconi business.

You have observed upon the India Council's Chairman of Finance Committee being a governor of a bank which has dealt in Indian balances. The point must be pressed further than that. On November 20th, 1912, Colonel Yate asked: "Whether the payment from Indian revenues of £100 a month and travelling expenses to the Under-Secretary for India (Hon. E. S. Montagu), during his visit to India, was granted by the Council of India unanimously or not?" Mr. Harold Baker replied that the division was: *For*, Sir Charles Egerton, Sir Felix Schuster, Sir Theodore Morison, Sir Rushna Gupta, Mr. Currie. *Against*, Sir W. Lee-Warner, Sir James La Touche, Sir James Thomson, Sir Thomas Raleigh." So that this temporary addition of £1,200 a year to Mr. Montagu's salary was carried by a majority of one. Sir Felix Schuster was one of those who voted in the majority. Sir Felix is a governor of a bank which deals in Indian balances. That bank also happens to be the bank of Messrs. Samuel Montagu & Co., with which firm Mr. E. S. Montagu is in family relationship. It was this latter fact which initiated the critical examination of the Indian silver dealings. I cannot see that the debates in the two Houses have exhausted the details of that transaction. The essential point was in how many capacities were Messrs. Montagu acting in that bargain? It is idle to say that that has been elicited up to the present.

All this may, in reality, amount to nothing; but the Government should consider Lord Shaw's words in the Gunford case in 1911:—

"The rule governing this is simple and familiar—namely, that the law will not countenance or enforce a transaction which is thus tainted by conflict between duty and self-interest. The rarity and difficulty, my lords, of a right adjustment of the wavering balance swayed by self-interest have been memorably phrased. But the law does not attempt the task; the penalty against such a conflict between interest and duty is the invalidation of the bargain."

If that is the ruling principle between an underwriter and an insurer, surely the Government should not set a lower standard. The same remark would apply to the proceedings of Sir Frederick Banbury and Lord Churchill in the debates on the Railway Bill. In fact, one is faced with a departure from rectitude in the governing class on both sides which in private transactions would, in the words of Lord Shaw, invalidate the bargain.—Yours, &c.,

C. H. NORMAN.

National Liberal Club, February 22nd, 1913.

[We are interested in the statement that Mr. Maxse offered to produce facts, and if this be so, we hope the Committee will give him every opportunity of doing so. But we cannot see the ground for Mr. Norman's statement. Referring to the special report of the Marconi Committee appearing in the "National Review," we find that Mr. Maxse was asked: "What facts did you obtain from these people?" We find that, in answer to this, Mr. Maxse offered "strong grounds for suspicion," and the existence of "wide-spread belief," but no facts. "We have not," he said, in answer to Mr. Redmond, "got the evidence," and further, "I have not what would be regarded by lawyers as evidence, and I have never pretended to have evidence." But he was willing to state the purport of what he had been told.—ED., NATION.]

MRS. DESPARD'S FINE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am much amused to read in your pages, and to see copied in various Tory prints, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer paid Mrs. Despard's fine. Let me hasten

to clear him from the imputation, as he does not seem to have done so himself. Thinking that the imprisonment of this old lady for the comparatively mild offence of addressing a crowd from the steps of a church was a mistake on the part of a Liberal Government and might be a menace to public order, I paid that fine myself. Being a person unknown to fame and to Mrs. Despard, I prefer to remain unknown. But I do assure you, it was not—for once—Mr. Lloyd George.—Yours, &c.,
A TORY WOMAN.
February 23rd, 1913.

[We think it right to say that the information came, not from Mr. Lloyd George, but from a leading suffragist, who was doubtless misled as to the fact.—Ed., NATION.]

A REMINISCENCE OF WATTS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Though overwhelmed with the task of helping to dress 1,200 wounded—who keep pouring in—your article on Watts, in your issue of February 8th, prompts me to add some reminiscences.

Watts's father was a piano-tuner, and for very many years regularly came to tune the piano of my grandfather—William Ellis. He used to speak with great pride and affection of his "artist boy," and so interested my grandfather that he commissioned the boy to paint the portraits of my two uncles, Henry and Edward, then little children.

This must have been, so far as I can calculate from the ages, about 1835. The two small oil-portraits, which, according to our family traditions, were Watts's very first commissioned portraits—are in the possession of my cousin in the South of France.

They represent children in the big, turn-down collar of the day—Henry in trousers, Edward still in petticoats, and both on a landscape background. Young Watts was so pleased with the £5 my grandfather gave him that he said he was overpaid, and would do "little missy" (my mother) too. To my lasting regret, however, this was never done.

One day, much later—so my mother used to tell—old Watts arrived in the greatest joy. His "artist boy" had received a letter in a big blue envelope with a great official seal. He had won a prize for his carton design, "Carac-tacus."

Then—so goes the family legend—he was swept up by the aristocracy, and my democratic grandfather saw him no more.—Yours, &c.,

M. EDITH DURHAM.

Podgoritz, Montenegro.

February 14th, 1913.

THE TERRORS OF THE LONDON STREETS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Allow me to thank you for your most valuable article in defence of the unhappy pedestrian. You ask, "But why is no serious or systematic attempt made to enforce the present law?" Is not the answer to be found in the all-pervading influence of the motor trade and the motor sport? Is not this influence dominant on the Bench, in the Coroner's Court, in Parliament, in Government Departments, in the Cabinet, and among the authorities generally? Thus the official declaration about "the convenience of the majority" really alludes to the motorists; the others do not count, though there are millions of them. The motorist knows, at the bottom of his heart, that his sport is paid for in the hurt of the community, and this knowledge gradually deadens his sense of what is fair and equal, so that he cannot, even when he would, be an impartial arbiter in the matter of street traffics. How can the man who habitually breaks the law to gratify his own convenience, fairly administer the law against other offenders only a little worse than himself? Had there been a real desire to uphold the law, and to protect the poor, an automatic device to restrain motor vehicles within the speed limit would long ago have been made compulsory. All who really wish for a diminution of street fatalities should press for the adoption of this automatic check on speed.—Yours, &c.,

JOSEPH E. SOUTHALE.

13, Charlotte Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham,
February 24th, 1913.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your excellent and lucid article on the London traffic reminds me that it is a subject that I have, extending over just twenty years, made my own. It was in the columns of a City newspaper that I first expressed myself.

To be brief, many of my points, it must be said, were accepted and acted upon. Here are those points, and I will give you the others as I proceed:—

1. The divergence of the omnibus traffic through Cannon Street.
2. Omnibuses not to stop at the Mansion House or hug the curb at that spot.
3. The omnibus rank in Threadneedle Street abolished.
4. No empty cabs allowed down Broad Street.

Ever so many more, perhaps small but desirable, alterations have been made leading up to the culmination of a better state of things. But not quite everything I have suggested has been done even yet. I again urge the desirability of an inspector being at each dangerous crossing during the business part of the day to deal with the traffic; it is so important. At the Mansion House—and at Blackfriars—for example; here is a spot that we all know it is not enough that a passive sergeant should be stationed at the refuge looking on; he has not sufficient authority over the men.

Gossiping ought to be strictly prohibited. No point constable should be allowed to talk while so employed, let alone chat with anyone he may chance to know.

The traffic—especially the motor traffic—should be made to slow down as it enters the City. Constables should be on each point at the Ludgate Circus, and not cross over as they do to-day, only two instead of four men being on duty at the same time. And not only at Ludgate Circus, but also where the traffic demands it.

Police notices, I would suggest too, should be posted in all conspicuous places in clear and legible type; and all those at present erected on the street lamps should be renovated and re-written. A large notice or notices placed at either end of the streets I have referred to, as to the regulation of empty cabs, &c., would, I think, save special constables being employed as at present for this duty.

No omnibus should be permitted to stop at any point, unless for the express purpose of setting down or picking up passengers, and then not for a moment longer than is absolutely necessary for this purpose.

I find that a great deal—if not, indeed, everything—depends upon the policeman who is put on "point" duty. I do not know, of course, what are the instructions that are given to the police, who, by the way, are constantly changed, and wisely so no doubt; but it appears to me there is a very great difference in the men whose duty it is specially to regulate the omnibus traffic.

That so many persons should be maimed and injured, if not killed outright, within so small an area seems incredible. No doubt the death of a City constable while regulating the traffic has done a great deal to create great concern as to the danger involved; but I maintain that if the smallest foresight had been exercised, no such accident would have been possible.

There is an omnibus stand at Liverpool Street—North London Railway—and no sooner do the omnibuses cross the street than they are permitted to stop at once at the Underground Railway instead of going right on. The curious part of it is that, although a constable is stationed at this spot, the omnibuses have pretty much their own way. A whole string of omnibuses is allowed to stop at the east end of Queen Victoria Street, thus blocking up the City end of that thoroughfare.

All the Commissions in the world avail little when the conclusions come to are ignored or not acted upon.—Yours, &c.,

FRANK MARSHALL.

St. Stephen's Chambers, Telegraph Street, E.C.
February 24th, 1913.

LIBERALS AND LAND POLICY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—One cannot but admire the pugnacious enthusiasm of Mr. Wedgwood; yet it seems a pity that he should be as

ready to direct it against his own best friends as against the common foe.

Mr. Wedgwood wishes to tax the unearned increment of land; cannot he see that an agricultural minimum wage, combined with reduced rents, is a tax on land, with the proceeds devoted to the object which surely has the first claim on them—the provision of decently just wages for the tiller of the land?

It is really deplorable to find a reformer of Mr. Wedgwood's sincerity and earnestness sneering at such a measure of elementary justice as "charity wages" and "charity rents." He might as appropriately stigmatise Magna Charta and the Petition of Rights as doles of "charity liberty."

Of course, there are difficulties to be considered; one of the most obvious being, as Mr. Wedgwood points out, that the increased wages bill would tend to favor the conversion of arable land to pasture—a process which has already gone much too far for the public good. This difficulty could be easily met by a special tax on pasture and sporting land.

The question of the age-limits within which the minimum should be enforced, the exemption of cripples, &c., are points which require, and will doubtless receive, the most careful consideration. But its simple and direct appeal to the elementary sense of justice, which is the British democracy's strongest point, makes the "minimum wage" a weapon for the social reformer of power second to none.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Wedgwood and his friends, whose cordial well-wisher I am, will think again, and yet again, before they dream of the folly of opposing it.—Yours, &c.,

OSWALD EARP.

Matlock.

THE RENEWED WAR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In an article on the renewal of the war in one of your recent issues, you state that the irregulars of all races have perpetrated abominable "massacres." This accusation is rather sweeping. I do not profess to know what other races have done; but, so far as the Greeks are concerned, I know exactly and affirm that their troops—irregulars or regulars—have been guilty of no massacres of any kind. Do you know of any facts justifying your accusation? If you do, please produce them. I am sure you detest crime as much as anyone. One way of discouraging it is to praise and not to vilify those who have done their best successfully to prevent any.—Yours, &c.,

ALEXANDRA PAPAMOSCO.

Liverpool.

[The statement may be too sweeping. We are afraid there is a considerable body of evidence as to massacres by "bands"; but we should say it affects the Greeks far less than any other race in the Balkans.—ED., NATION.]

DOVE HOLES AND CANADA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—“A Wayfarer” in “A London Diary,” in your issue of the 22nd of February, makes use of a communication from a reader of the “Toronto Globe,” respecting emigrants from the Derbyshire village of Dove Holes. This being a rather gross specimen of Yankee exaggeration, and very misleading, very contrary to your usual exact and trustworthy information, I ask for a small part of your invaluable space to give the real facts of the case.

The paragraph states: Eight years ago three emigrants left Dove Holes, and settled in Todmorden, and since no less than 489 villagers have left Dove Holes for the same place, and the English village is wiped out. Thus is rural England emptied of her best, for whom she finds no room to live.

The original emigrants to whom this paragraph refers left Dove Holes in 1895. At this time there were on the Register of Parliamentary Electors in this village 210 voters for the High Peak Division, where this village is situated. To-day there are 301 voters, the increase of electors being caused by the building of new cottages for the working people of the village. I am informed upon the most reliable

authority, and can confirm from my own observation, that at the present time there are no houses to let in Dove Holes, and far from being a deserted village, or “wiped out,” as the paragraph says, the village is as prosperous as ever it was.

The following paragraph from the “Buxton Herald” of February 26th, a weekly newspaper, circulating in the neighborhood, replies to other London newspaper statements, and confirms my statement:—

“A DESERTED (?) VILLAGE.

“A wonderful tale is being told about the village of Dove Holes, which in eight years is alleged to have sent 250 of its inhabitants to Canada. For a little place like Dove Holes an average of over 30 per year is not a bad record, but it seems as though someone's arithmetic has got a bit astray, or the 2 has accidentally dropped in front of the 50. At any rate, there are still some inhabitants left. In fact, I am assured there are no empty houses, and the population to-day is no less than it was at the time the ‘Canada fever’ commenced. No doubt some of the inhabitants have gone to Canada, and for that I don't blame them, for I should imagine they must be very slow if they could not improve their position as compared with that in the little limestone village. Before the craze came on these Dove Holes people, I am told it was the sleepiest place imaginable; what is it now? Personally, I think it is just the place that people should flee from, and all I regret is that—for the residents' sakes—it is not really deserted in favor of Canada. There are no picture palaces and big wheels at Dove Holes to act as a counter-attraction to the ‘golden land,’ so Canada has an open field in the matter.”

I am afraid that “A Wayfarer” must have been thinking of the picturesque district of “Dove Dale” in Derbyshire when he penned the paragraph in your last issue. Dove Holes is no pretty rural village. It is situated near to Buxton, on the high, and practically waste, hills of limestone. The employment of the villagers is not agricultural, but consists of limestone quarries, and reeking lime-kilns.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE REED,

Chief Liberal Agent, High Peak Division.
St. James's Hall, Glossop, February 26th, 1913.

[The paragraph referred to was quoted almost textually from the “Toronto Globe,” a highly reputable paper of Liberal views.—ED., NATION.]

Poetry.

YOUR SECRET.

WITHIN your heart
You have a secret, like a hidden dart.
While all around you garish is and gay;
Lonely you move away,
And there is none to see
That dart turn carelessly.
At one time you had chosen for your guest
That which to-day disturbs your rest;
And all your life is curled round, tight and close,
This hideous secret, like a malformed rose.
Each day and every night
Brings more of darkness to you, less of light.

You were too pure, and far too fine, to sin
And hide no dart within;
That high nobility that was your soul,
Maimed once, it never could again be whole;
Your shuddering breath
Drew one vile hour, and carries it till death.

Tears are so weak, and small;
Sometimes it seems a wrong to weep at all,
For sad, and warped, and reft
With ills, there is a radiance left;
And there is that about you, carried through,
Which gives for shame to me my tears for you:
That one should break
Not for his sin, but for his virtue's sake.

AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Clara Schumann: An Artist's Life." By B. Litzmann. Translated by G. E. Hadow. (Macmillan. 2 vols. 24s. net.)
- "History and Historians in the Nineteenth Century." By G. P. Gooch. (Longmans. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "Gold, Prices, and Wages: An Examination of the Quantity Theory." By J. A. Hobson. (Methuen. 3s. 6d. net.)
- "Memories of the Sea." By Admiral Penrose Fitzgerald. (Arnold. 12s. 6d. net.)
- "Mexico and Her People of To-Day." By N. O. Winter. (Cassell. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "A Candid History of the Jesuits." By Joseph McCabe. (Nash. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "Our Village Homes." By Hugh Aronson. (Murby. 2s. 6d. net.)
- "The Weaker Vessel." By E. F. Benson. (Heinemann. 6s.)
- "Le Sentiment de la Nature chez les Romantiques Français." Par Gustave Charlier. (Paris: Fontemoing. 7 fr. 50.)
- "La Famille Française et son Evolution." Par Louis Delzons. (Paris: Colin. 3 fr. 50.)
- "Les Contes de Minnie." Par André Lichtenberger. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 3 fr. 50.)
- "Nietzsches Persönlichkeit." Von J. Spindler. (Stuttgart: Cotta: M.2.)

THE appearance of a new edition of a favorite book is often a cause of irritation. If the new issue is merely a fresh impression, not differing except in binding and appearance from its predecessor, then there is, of course, no ground for complaint. And even if it be an entirely fresh edition, containing added material, the reader has the obvious remedy of buying the new work and discarding the old one. But the matter is not so simple when the later issue omits passages that are found in the earlier, and at the same time contains some additional material. In this case, the reader is faced with the alternative of either losing something he would like to have, or of keeping two copies of what is practically the same book—the latter often causing a good deal of inconvenience, especially when shelves are uncomfortably crowded. It sometimes happens that in a later edition of a collection of letters it is possible to include passages that were withheld from the earlier because the persons mentioned in them were then living. This is a reason for including the fresh matter; but why should it be accompanied by a curtailment of the old, and readers placed in the dilemma we have mentioned?

THIS dilemma is presented by the new edition of the delightful "Letters of Lord Acton to Mary Gladstone" which Messrs. Macmillan have just published. Except for the words, "First Edition 1904, Second Edition 1913," on the reverse of the title-page, there is nothing to indicate that the book is more than a reprint of that issued by Messrs. Allen. Indeed, a superficial glance through the volume would lead to the belief that it is not. But a more careful examination will disclose several differences. In the first place there are a few minor alterations in Mr. Herbert Paul's brilliant introductory memoir. These, indeed, are merely verbal changes and call for no comment; but there are a number of omissions from the letters themselves as originally printed, and, most important of all, there are thirty pages of entirely fresh matter at the end of the volume. Book-buyers have a right to expect that their attention would be drawn to these differences, and we regret that Messrs. Macmillan have issued the volume without any notification that they had been made.

THERE is a good deal that is piquant, not to say indiscreet, in the letters now added to the volume. Here, for instance, is Acton's judgment on Lord Rosebery's "Pitt" in the series of "Twelve English Statesmen," edited by Lord Morley:—

"I read enough of Rosebery to write about him to Morley. It is very well done indeed, for the general reader, and assuming the reader to be a Tory, ought to satisfy him. . . . The book is, from end to end, a panegyric. Pitt appears to have been right all along his main lines of thought, if not of action. To admit this is to admit the essentials of the Conservative case, to yield almost all that we live and fight for, all that for the sake of which your father gave up power, and spent the six most precious years of his life in opposition, after

breaking up his party. When this is written by Rosebery, and edited by Morley, one asks oneself for what sufficient reason, then, they are not Secretaries of State."

In another letter, after mentioning that he had just dined with Lord Morley, Acton adds: "There is a Conservative inside him. We held discourse about Mr. Pitt, distressing to ears as sensitive as mine. I ended by telling him that I would have hanged Mr. Burke on the same gallows as Robespierre. Tableau."

ACTON was anxious that Lord Morley, or, failing him, Mr. Bryce, should write the Gladstonian chapters in "The Cambridge Modern History." "I have asked John Morley," he says, "to write Home Rule, which will be the last chapter of English history, from 1880 to the end. He declines for the sufficient reason that he is bringing out a book of his own on the subject. For other, less convincing reasons, Rosebery and Trevelyan are not to be obtained." Neither of the two latter were invited to write on the subject as they had previously refused to contribute to the work at all. It would be very interesting to know whether Lord Morley's book on the history of Home Rule, to which Acton makes several references, is still in existence, and whether there is any prospect of its eventual publication.

ANOTHER interesting letter is occupied with suggestions as to Gladstone's future biographer. Acton thought it important that, in view of the contract to be made with the publishers, the work should be entrusted to a man whose name would carry weight:—

"More will be offered," he writes, "if he is well known, especially in the United States. Godley, George Russell, MacColl, would do very well but for this; and for the further reason, that Godley is a permanent official, and that MacColl, surely, is predestined for another function (a history of the Church) than the one I am speaking of."

"Two other names suggest themselves legitimately, that must, for valid reasons, be put aside. Courtney is unfitted for work, besides being an adversary, though the least adverse of adversaries, in the one thing that gives unity to your father's career. Walpole, sound and thorough as he is, has neither enough power nor enough depth, and is probably disqualified by his office."

"THREE men remain," Acton goes on, "any one of whom would, in my opinion, do the work admirably, and against whom I see no preliminary objection." These three were Lord Morley, Sir George Trevelyan, and Mr. James Bryce.

"Morley is the one who knew him best, and had most of his confidence, both as to men and things. He would set up many obstacles, including that of revealing Cabinet secrets. The answer to that is that he has already written, has already printed, a book on the history of Home Rule, in which he has got over that difficulty. It is true, he is keeping it back. But, for that, there may be motives which would not prevent his undertaking the much more splendid and historic work."

"Trevelyan knew him less intimately, but he lives for Parliamentary history, and has shown himself capable of writing a biography which is one of the best in the language—better than the 'Life of Cobden.' Unlike Morley, he is out of public life, and has not got to weigh every word he says about Harcourt or Devonshire."

"Bryce has, I think, greater knowledge of politics than anybody, and proved his power of appreciating your father by what he said at the time. He thinks there ought to be no life since 1865. If it is settled against him, he would probably give way."

ACTON's opinion of Carlyle's "French Revolution" also deserves to be quoted. He gave the book to his children to read "because he sets the brain on fire and is open to discussion," but he warns his correspondent to read Carlyle with caution.

"Lamartine is certainly more inaccurate; yet Pontécoulant, who died under the Second Empire, and whom Charlotte Corday chose as her defender, said that the Girondins were substantially a true picture, and made his nerves tingle much as they did in 1792."

"There is a good deal of that general reality that comes from vigor of thought and vivid expression in Carlyle, and he is good for reading aloud and discussing loudly. But he wrote before the materials existed. . . . He is suggestive, and even impressive; but it is only *en grand*, telescopically, that he is true; after Sybel, Tocqueville, Taine, and Quinet, there is little that will stand scrutiny in his pages. One goes to him for literature, not for history."

Reviews.

"VICTORIAN," WITH A DIFFERENCE.

"The Victorian Age in Literature." By G. K. CHESTERTON.
(Williams & Norgate. 1s. net.)

It may be only by a queer coincidence that the three most distinctive periods of our literature are known by the names of three Queens. There have been equally great writers in other reigns; but no one ever calls Milton Carolean, or Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth, and Keats Georgian. It is still more curious to notice a certain correspondence between the nature of each Queen and the literature named after her. We do not mean that Elizabeth could write like Shakespeare, or Anne like Pope, or Victoria like Tennyson. But there is a general resemblance between the queen and the poet such as we do not find, for instance, between Milton and either Charles, or between Shelley and George III. Perhaps the queens were rather quicker at catching the spirit of their age than the kings. Perhaps the poets played up to women rather better than to men.

So when Mr. Chesterton speaks of "The Victorian Compromise" as the main characteristic of the age, we feel the nature of the Queen herself as the very embodiment of the compromise. And when he ends his history of the Victorian age with "The Break-up of the Compromise," and attributes the break-up in literature chiefly to the writings of Mr. Kipling and Mr. Shaw, we remember the Queen's dying words about "this terrible war." And as to Mr. Bernard Shaw, we can imagine how she would have regarded a performance of "Mrs. Warren's Profession" or "Fanny's First Play" at Balmoral.

The Compromise itself is hard to define in a single phrase. One might call it a superior person's Revolution, or Utilitarian benevolence, or Commercialism raised to a higher power. At the beginning of the reign one might call it Whig, in the middle Liberal, at the end Unionist. But Mr. Chesterton does better in defining it by its representative types. Perhaps we should have chosen the Queen herself or Tennyson to represent it; but Mr. Chesterton takes Macaulay, and that is a good choice, too. The spirit of Victorian literature at the beginning of the age is certainly embodied in Macaulay:—

"Macaulay," he says, "makes the foundation of the Victorian Age in all its very English and unique elements: its praise of Puritan politics, and abandonment of Puritan theology; its belief in a cautious but perpetual patching up of the Constitution; its admiration for industrial wealth. But above all he typifies the two things that really make the Victorian Age itself, the cheapness and narrowness of its conscious formulæ, the richness and humanity of its unconscious tradition."

With great skill he draws out the contradiction thus involved in the Victorian spirit, as illustrated, for instance, in Mill, upon whom his criticism is peculiarly just and sympathetic, though here, as elsewhere, one sometimes fears Mr. Chesterton will become transformed into a mad bull at the approach of Woman Suffrage.

As we read, we very soon find out that the real subject of the book is not the typical Victorian spirit as represented in different shades by Macaulay, Mill, the Queen herself, Tennyson, and a few others, but the various rebellious movements against that spirit. These rebellions Mr. Chesterton groups into three (it would be interesting to know why everything can always be grouped into three)—the Oxford movement, Dickens, and "a sort of new romantic Protestantism to pit against both Reason and Rome—Carlyle, Ruskin, Kingsley, Maurice—perhaps Tennyson."

"It is really with this rationalism triumphant," he says, "and with the romance of these various attacks on it, that the study of Victorian literature begins and proceeds."

Such grouping is, obviously, very loose; but still, in the main, it holds together, and Mr. Chesterton follows the scheme thus laid down with no more deviation than one would expect of him. That is to say, we catch glimpses of the scheme now and again in the dazzle of private judgments, gleams of insight, misleading epigrams, and incontrovertible paradoxes. It is at once evident that, taken on these lines, the Victorian literature is of interest, not for the Victorian spirit, but for the rebellions against it. The rebels, as it suits Mr. Chesterton's purpose to call them, are almost

the only people we care to hear of now; and, what is more strange, they appear to have been, not only more interesting, but far more numerous than "the soldiers of the Queen."

But, good as the scheme is, the book's value does not depend on that. In a note unnecessary to any living reader, the editors of the series explain that the book is not put forward as an authoritative history of Victorian literature. It is a free and personal statement of Mr. Chesterton's views and impressions, and we may be sure the author would not have accepted the editor's "express invitation" on any other terms. Now, Mr. Chesterton often reminds us of a village pump. That is the most serviceable, necessary, and usually the most inspiring and beautiful object in any street. Its services are too obvious to recall, but one of its special charms is that if it poured forth wine, beer, water, or mud in turn, it would always look much the same, and would not itself be conscious of any difference between one and the other. As long as the supply lasted, the pump would go on pouring it out with unruffled equanimity; and even if the supply ceased—but in Mr. Chesterton's case that is unimaginable, and the comparison no longer holds. In the present book Mr. Chesterton gives us draughts or tastes of all; usually of fine, clear water, which is best, as the Greeks said; sometimes of wine, which is stimulating, but not so good; sometimes a rollick of beer; and now and then just enough liquid mud to make us feel the inestimable value of water. But all the time he keeps just the same look, and evidently does not know one from the other. He seems to speak unconsciously—sub-consciously, we suppose modern psychology would say—and if we called him a prophet rather than a pump, it might sound more complimentary; but the meaning would be the same.

Instances of Mr. Chesterton's best occur on almost every page; so let us take two at random from successive pages:—

"Newman's 'Lectures on the Present Position of English Catholics,' practically preached against a raging mob, rise not only higher, but happier, as his instant unpopularity increases. There is something grander than humor, there is fun, in the very first lecture about the British Constitution, as explained to a meeting of Russians. But always his triumphs are the triumphs of a highly sensitive man: a man must feel insults before he can so insultingly and splendidly avenge them. He is a naked man, who carries a naked sword."

Or, on the next page, of Carlyle:—

"He was not an ordinary peasant. If he had labored obscurely in his village till death, he would have been yet, locally, a marked man; a man with a wild eye, a man with an air of silent anger; perhaps a man at whom stones were sometimes thrown."

Such passages are criticisms as true as they are clever, and one finds many as good. Excellent, too, but on rather a lower level, are such as the following, in which, writing of the age of Ruskin and Carlyle, Mr. Chesterton says:—

"Many of the great men of that generation had a sort of divided mind; an ethical headache which was literally a 'splitting headache'; for there was a schism in the sympathies."

Again, after speaking of Dickens as surpassing even Cobbett's fighting power, owing to his capacity of "multiplying persons," he continues:—

"That which had not been achieved by the fierce facts of Cobbett, the burning dreams of Carlyle, the white-hot proofs of Newman, was really, or very nearly, achieved by a crowd of impossible people. In the centre stood that citadel of atheist industrialism; and if indeed it has ever been taken, it was taken by the rush of that unreal army."

In a lower style still, but quite good stuff, is a jolly analysis of our national character, which demands something "at once shame-faced and rowdy" in its songs, and takes the refrain "O Tarry Trousers" as its tender love-lyric.

"I remember a friend," he says, "who tried impatiently to explain the word 'mistletoe' to a German, and cried at last, despairing, 'Well, you know holly—mistletoe's the opposite!' . . . If he had said to the Teuton, 'Well, you know Germany—England's the opposite'—the definition, though fallacious, would not have been wholly false."

That is all good stuff, as we said, but there are other points—and important points—in Victorian thought and literature, upon which Mr. Chesterton had better have kept silence, or have taken a separate volume or two, in which to write himself clear. Among such points are Darwinism, or the scientific aspect of life in general; Pantheism, and pessimism, together with Mr. Hardy. To say that Darwin's own doctrine was "merely one particular hypothesis about

how animal variety might have arisen," and to say that "under the shock of Darwinism all that was good in the Victorian rationalism shook and dissolved like dust," is either nonsense, or it is so inadequate as to seem like nonsense; nor does the added page or so clear up the appearance of nonsense. Again, writing of Meredith, he says that he "was perhaps the only man in the modern world who has almost had the high honor of rising out of the low estate of a Pantheist into the high estate of a Pagan":—

"Meredith," he continues, "really is a Pantheist. You can express it by saying that God is the great All; you can express it much more intelligently by saying that Pan is the great god."

Whether Mr. Chesterton is intentionally keeping up the silly Homeric habit of punning on Pan, we do not know; but it would clear away many false ideas if people were sometimes reminded that the god Pan has no more to do with Pantheism than pancakes or frying-pans.

Equally queer is his prolonged criticism of Meredith's saying, "Woman will be the last thing civilised by man." He does at last venture on the right, and we should have thought obvious, meaning, but it takes him a page and a half of a little book. These may appear trifling errors in an illuminating critic, but when Mr. Chesterton approaches the genius of Thomas Hardy, he ceases to illuminate at all. To him, Hardy is only "a sort of village atheist, brooding and blaspheming over the village idiot." One expects private, and sometimes provincial, judgments from Mr. Chesterton, but his Catholic sense generally prevents his private judgment running mad. When he touches Mr. Hardy, we feel he lets it gallop, not only to heresy, but to Bedlam. We know he makes it all fit in with his highest principles. To him, Hardy is the pessimist, and elsewhere he tells us pessimism is "a thing unfit for a white man." His ideal is the jolly, jolly Christian. Mr. Hardy is not jolly; therefore he is unfit to be a white man; he is not a jolly Christian, therefore no heathen is more vile. That may unite logic with high principle, we suppose, but it displays about as much critical sense as the Church which burnt Bruno, or the Synagogue which excommunicated Spinoza with ram's horns.

A CONTINENT IN EVOLUTION.

"Latin America: Its Rise and Progress." By F. GARCIA CALDERON. With a Preface by RAYMOND POINCARÉ. Translated by BERNARD MIALLE. (Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

Nor many years have passed away since, to the general reader, South America signified a place whose inhabitants spent their time in shooting each other and cheating their creditors. Even accepting that summary view of the matter, none but a few students of the historical bases and the evolution of states bethought them of inquiring why the South Americans conducted themselves in a manner so deplorable, and whether, in the interaction of forces—intellectual, moral, and physical—any symptoms of "a stream of tendency" towards righteousness were discernible. The very name, Latin America, is but six or seven years old—at least in public discussion. The French journalists introduced it. And by their writings, and their tours in South America, distinguished authors of the "Latin" race—such as Ferrero, the historian of Rome, Anatole France, Jean Jaurès, and Georges Clemenceau—have given it a world-wide vogue. His Parisian *confrères* alleged that M. Clemenceau, by his speeches in Buenos Ayres and elsewhere, earned the wages of a first-class opera singer. M. Clemenceau was in many ways a man after the Latin-American's own heart. In the fighting epoch (now pretty well spent) he might have made a formidable *Caudillo*, swallowing (and occasionally being swallowed by) his rivals. And he was a new humanist, and an optimist, as every *Caudillo*, every Liberator, every cut-throat Despot was even in his darkest hours.

But in what sense is South America the Latin Continent? The answer should explain its unrest, and afford a clue to its social and political future. It is given in broad outline in this volume, which serves as an excellent introduction to the series of books issued by the same

publisher on the separate States from Mexico to Argentina—twenty or so, when the series is finished. That the Spanish and Portuguese conquerors were Latins would be an insufficient answer: for the Romanising of the Peninsula was, in the main, an educative process, and only to a small extent an amalgamation of races. The Conquistadors were descendants of a people sprung from the intermixture of the indigenous Iberians—a people akin to the North African Berbers—with Roman, Arab, and Visigothic invaders. Many of the foremost Conquistadors were Basques, a race totally distinct from Latins, Goths, and Arabs. But then the Spaniards and Portuguese introduced into South America the Latin spirit, as expressed in Roman law and the Catholic Church. We shall allude, in a subsequent paragraph, to the introduction of the Latin element in a more direct form.

The Spanish conquerors and colonists, moreover, introduced the intractable spirit of local individualism, which has proved to this day the main obstacle to the unification of the Peninsular population. Among the millions of Indians they were an insignificant minority. But in the three centuries from the conquest to the insurrections that began early in the nineteenth century, there had been created the mestizo, otherwise the Spanish and Indian cross-breed; and the mulatto, otherwise the Indian and negro cross-breed; and the Creole variety, less removed from the Spanish original, and now the typical race of Latin America. The revolution was, in the main, the work of the mixed race—though among its foremost champions there were men of aristocratic Spanish ancestry. By the third decade of the eighteenth century, the dull despotism of Spain, with its childish pomposities, its corrupt courts, its superstitious priestcraft, its *auto-da-fés*, and its three monopolies—the religious, the economic, and the administrative—had become unbearable. And yet, reform, not separation from the Spanish homeland, was all the agitators asked for; in which respect they resembled George Washington and his associates in their earlier relations with another George (also of a Bourbonish cast of mind). The "Precursors" having failed to mend the Spanish despotism, the Liberators made an end of it. M. Calderon gives us biographical sketches of these Liberators and Regenerators—Bolívar, Francia, San Martín, Rivera, Portales, Rivadavia, Pardo, Santa Cruz, Gusman-Blanco, Rosas, Balmaceda, and the rest—men as great in mind and character, in war and in civil government, many of them, as any of the world's heroes. They were profoundly moved by the liberation of the British Colonies, but most of all by the French Revolution. They had their Voltaire, Rousseau, Condorcet, Diderot, all the great encyclopædists, at their finger-ends. They were at home with Plutarch and his supermen. The gospel of the Rights of Man came trippingly from their tongues. Ardent, generous spirits, their inter-State Congresses, their social and political programmes, after eighty years and more, are startlingly modern. Europe is creeping up to them. The Liberators began their war against slavery and the slave trade long before Christian England and Mayflower North America. They stood for education, for anti-clericalism in the form of religious liberty, for anti-militarism in the form of self-defence, for the widest suffrage, for economic freedom, for the instruction of the young in the practical arts, for the application of science to industry, for the development of the Continent's enormous untapped wealth, for the encouragement of European immigration, and the federation of the world against war. That was their general attitude. They were next fascinated by the French and English enthusiasts of 1848. The literary and philosophical, no less than the politico-social, ideas of Europe received from them a boundless hospitality. In poetry, their favorites were (naturally) the romantics, especially Byron, Victor Hugo, and Lamartine. Believers in order and progress, in the doctrine of transition from the military to the industrial stage of society, they installed, in their schools and colleges, Herbert Spencer, John Stuart Mill, Jeremy Bentham, and Auguste Comte. Many a traveller from the Latin Continent has reverently bared his head before the Positivist Messiah's marble bust in front of Richelieu's College Chapel by the Sorbonne. Brazilian Positivists, says Mr. Calderon, "preserve the calendar, the secular Saints, and the rites" of the founder of the Religion of Humanity.

Laugh not at, condemn not, the colossal stultification of the ideal by the actual in Latin America. First understand—

then judge. Temporary, you may rest assured, the defeat of those exalted programmes was quite natural. The ignorant, semi-barbaric masses of a people in process of becoming, were unprepared for them. Even the Spaniards, who had cast off the Imperial yoke, relapsed into the particularism, the combative, rigid individualism of the juntas of the old homeland. Of the new mixed race, some, calling themselves nationalists, were for centralised republics; others, the so-called democrats, for provincial administrations under independent rulers. A large portion of South American history is occupied with the sanguinary strife between Unionists—advocates of large, centralised States—and Federalists, who would brook no more than a fragile confederation of independent communities. The mixed races were differentiated from and among each other by customs, capacities, proclivities, and temperaments inherited from their Indian and negro progenitors. Anarchy followed. The Continent was pulverised into internecine chiefships. The smaller *caudillo*, or party leader, was displaced—or slaughtered—by the bigger *caudillo*, and the successful rival by another, bigger and abler than himself, until at last there was evolved, inevitably, the President-Autocrat, warrior and legislator all in one, a democratic Czar, for whose analogue we must go back to ancient Hellas and the Italy of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. Venezuela has had fifty-two revolutions in ninety years. Columbia has had twenty-seven civil wars, in the last of which (1879) she lost eighty thousand citizens. To say nothing of the killed in battle, more than ten thousand men are recorded to have been hanged or shot by or for Porfirio Diaz, the maker of modern Mexico, who is just now, as the newspapers tell us, touring on the Nile with a party of ladies and gentlemen under Excursionist Cook.

With his many-sided knowledge, his philosophic grasp, and unswerving historical method, M. Calderon shows how the career of the various States, whose tale he summarises, has been determined by tradition, by racial character, by climate, as, for example, in the immense difference between climatic influence in tropical America and the temperate Argentine. We have said career, for the separate careers are but variations of a single process. He shows how the degree of advance, of solidarity, of approach to pacific nationhood, varies concomitantly with the numerical relations between the races in the respective Presidencies, being greater in States such as Argentina, Chili, Uruguay, where the higher types are predominant or the racial amalgamation is the more complete. In the transition from the anarchic to the settled industrial State, despots were, as our author holds, a necessity. More than the Colonial Viceroy whom they made away with, they were the makers of Latin America. Though the Spanish element is still vital, it is rivalled by the immigration—in men and in ideas—from Italy and from France—the heirs of Rome's civilisation. The vast numbers of German settlers in Brazil appear to be acquiring a South American character. In the Southern Continent, M. Clemenceau has found "a superabundant Latinism; a Latinism of feeling, a Latinism of thought and action, with all its immediate and superficial advantages, and all its defects of method, its alternatives of energy and failure in the accomplishment of design." But, as already said, a prominent quality of the Latin American is his irrepressible optimism. A Montalvo foresees the time when the Latin American, outdoing the New Zealander on London Bridge, "shall meditate upon the ruins of the Louvre, the Vatican, and St. Paul's." Andrade, the poet of the new race, sings of "Atlantide," otherwise the future home of a developed Latin civilisation in South America. Executing, for once in a way, a bolt into the blue, our scientific author himself predicts the rise of a Latin Power that shall counterbalance the Slav and the Teuton. But let us return to the solid earth. Latin America is making rapid progress. The Argentine is regarded as a model State of a new America, wherein unity is to be achieved, not through external forms of government, but through intellectual, moral, and material interests common to all. Gladstone's prediction of the railway as a unifier and civiliser is verified in Latin America. They are cheery, optimistic souls—and they may well be—the officers and crew who have been steering their "Latin" ship of State all these years, often mutinous, and with no guiding star visible in the cloud-wrack of the tempest. Whatever their destiny may be—*Bon voyage!*

CHURCH AND WORLD IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

"Italy in the Thirteenth Century." By HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK. (Constable. 2 vols. 21s. net.)

In a series of sketches, so lifelike as to suggest the cinematograph, Mr. Sedgwick describes the greatest century of the Middle Ages. The conflict between the Papacy and the Empire, the Joachimite and Franciscan movements, the Provençal and Sicilian Schools of poetry, art—painting, mosaic, and architecture—the "Summa Theologiae," the French invasion, Boniface VIII., whose defeat marks the end of the medieval Papacy—all pass in succession before our eyes. The writer has read, thought, and observed much; his style, while not without Americanisms, is clear; and the bibliography will be useful to students. The book, in short, is one of distinction; the reader will be led on to further study of the subjects treated of; and there can be no surer test of an author's success than this.

The thirteenth century was the springtime of the modern world. An early spring, indeed; there were nipping winds and keen frosts ahead of it. But they were passing; the currents that were to make European life as we know it were unbound. The mentality of even the greatest minds of the time was so remote from our own that to throw ourselves into it is to go back, as it were, to childhood. Deduction was the key to its working. Truth was conceived as a fixed quantity embodied in Scripture, in tradition, and in the synthetic philosophy of Aristotle; the method by which to arrive at it was the syllogism—no more was required.

"The ecclesiastical organisation of society was a necessary deduction from the very fact that God had created the world, and man in His own image. . . . The political doctrines of Hildebrand were accepted by the Roman Curia as logical inferences from the books of revealed religion and the facts of history. . . . All the canons, directly or by logical inference, depend upon the Bible; and we shall not understand ecclesiastical pretensions, whether in law or diplomacy, unless we regard them, as the great churchmen did, as corollaries from the very words of God."

"It would be hard to exaggerate the importance of the Bible at this time. The leaders of thought pored over its pages; the whole fabric of the Church justified itself by two or three famous texts, the canon law was built upon random verses. The great religious awakening of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries was founded on the Gospels."

Never was an assertion wider of the fact than that which opposes the medieval Church to the Bible. Medievalism was, and is, founded on the Bible; but on the Bible misread and misunderstood.

Nor must the Medieval Church be identified with modern Catholicism. It was "still ample enough to offer wide room for thirsty souls; it had not yet become the rigid system of dogmas that the Council of Trent and the stagnant policy of the Vatican have since made it. Many doctrines were still undetermined, many great wastes of theology were still to be explored and mapped." The divorce between piety and conduct was, perhaps, the most striking feature in the religion of the time. But religion was rather ceremonial than dogmatic. It was at least as much from material and economic as from theological motives that the Church repressed heresy; it is safe to say that had it stood alone, zeal for religion would have failed to produce either the Inquisition or the Crusades. And, "on the whole," says Mr. Sedgwick, "the Church stood for common-sense, for a sane view of life, in contrast with the wild, Oriental ideas of the fanatical Nonconformists." This common-sense often enough checked fanaticism. The Lombard cities, for example, were hotbeds of heresy. But the Church did not wish a crusading army to destroy them; "for they constituted her main bulwark against the emperors. Their subjection to crusaders from the North would mean her undoing. So she could not coerce the heretics by violence. Her hands were tied." In spite, however, of temporary and local instances to the contrary, the power of the Papacy underwent a logical and actual development, owing to causes which, strong in themselves, were irresistible in the absence of unity among the opposing forces. The chapter on Papal Jurisprudence (I., 48) shows how it extended itself. You cannot argue with a theocracy. This is the Achilles' heel of the Catholic reformer. The Reformation standpoint is the condition of reform.

The chapters on Art are suggestive. Symbolism is no new phenomenon; "mosaic presents images, not as likenesses

of objects seen in Nature, but as symbols of ideas. . In this art, defect of draughtsmanship (if it may be so called) is comparatively venial, for the artist is first concerned with the ideas which he wishes to present, and next with symbols as matters of decorative value, as pleasant or impressive arrangements of color." Freedom was the note of fresco; convention of mosaic, the material of which imposed rigidity of form. On the other hand, the "little cubes of many-colored glass" gave a splendor of color unknown elsewhere; and the concave half-dome over the altar, as presented in the great Roman basilicas, became the home and shrine of the mosaic art, which, in the earlier centuries, had been the more important of the two. Byzantine influences, in part Greek, but more than half Oriental, stood in close dependence on Byzantine dominion and trade. Ravenna, Venice, Palermo, Cefalù were its centres. In Rome they were never fully naturalised; but it was in Rome that the future of Italian art lay.

The strength and the weakness of the Roman Curia are pointed out. Its officials are astute but short-sighted; a present point seldom escapes them; a remote good leaves them indifferent, and is rarely attained:—

"Frederick and his counsellors had an excessive confidence in their ability to over-reach the Roman Curia. This disposition to under-rate its sagacity was part of his general contempt for the priesthood; and it was not justified. The Curia was well able to play the game of politics. In the deeper matters that concerned the religious spirit of Europe, and through that spirit the ultimate prosperity of the Church, the Curia sometimes behaved itself in an ignorant or reckless way. But in the fence of superficial politics, in the thrust, the *passado*, the *puncto reverso*, it was an accomplished master."

This is as true in the twentieth century as it was in the thirteenth. Those Liberal politicians are ill-advised who accept the fable of the decrepitude of the Papacy. The reserve of physical force is no longer at its disposal; but in every other department of politics the officials of the Curia are more adroit and more effectual than secular men of affairs.

A curious contrast to the Pontiffs of the age—able, resourceful, and scheming as they were—is found in the pious Celestine V. His pontificate was not of a nature to encourage the electors to place a saint a second time in St. Peter's Chair.

"The enormous business of the Curia was thrown into hideous confusion; matters that required trained minds and long familiarity with affairs were left to greedy self-seekers or to the chance decision of the visionary old hermit. The spectacle of this ignorant, rude peasant on the throne of Nicholas III. and Innocent III. is both comic and tragic in a high degree. A Florentine man of letters caught a glimpse of him at Naples. 'Celestine was walking through one of the rooms of his palace, holding a slice of bread in his hand and occasionally taking a bite at it; he was followed by a servant who carried a pot of wine, out of which the Pope drank, saying that bread and wine was the best diet in the world—his mother had told him so.'"

A ruler's seat must be held by a ruler. The end of the sorry interlude was Boniface VIII. and the outrage of Anagni, with which a new age for the Papacy begins.

A DANCER.

"Fifteen Years of a Dancer's Life." By LOIE FULLER. With an Introduction by ANATOLE FRANCE. (Jenkins. 10s. 6d. net.)

WHEN, at last, after many crosses, Miss Loie Fuller was permitted to display her art in the setting proper to her own conceptions of it, she was hailed as a creator of something new. Light, color, movement, and music were the elements of it. To those who never saw her on the stage, it is not easy to explain the character and effect of Miss Fuller's dances. The illustrations in this book convey scarcely a notion of them either to the eye or to the mind; and the lady's own effort (in the chapter "Light and the Dance") to expound what we may call the psychology of her choreographic methods is but moderately successful.

We may say that she was the first to employ colored light in dancing; but this seems a merely mechanical contrivance, and the reader is not greatly the wiser. We may say that her dances were sometimes mystical, and usually

symbolical (like most of the dancing in Greek tragedy); yet this again is but faintly illuminating. The child who exclaimed at one of her movements, "It's a butterfly!" and at another "It's an orchid!" was somewhat finely inspired. The little princess ("the one who is so remarkably like her grandmother, the late Queen Victoria") who said to the other princess, "You don't know what you are talking about. It's an angel," was even better inspired.

Many readers are acquainted with, and some lucky ones possess (but let them beware of counterfeits!), those charming little memorials of Greek life in many phases—the Tanagra figurines. Rodin said of Miss Loie Fuller: "she has reawakened the spirit of antiquity, showing the Tanagra figurines in action." Anatole France says:—

"You admire afar off, as in a vision, an airy figure comparable in grace to those dancers whom one sees on Pompeian wall paintings, moving in their light draperies."

A third Frenchman, Roger Marx, has seen in this American artist:—

"the chastest and most expressive of dancers, who reanimates within herself and restores to us the lost wonders of Greek mimicry, the art of those motions, at once voluptuous and mystical, which interpret the phenomena of nature and the life history of living beings."

Miss Fuller, a *soubrette* of the stage in her own country, was laughed at when she talked of dancing. Managers said that there were Sylvia Grey and Letty Lind, and bade her go away. But the young lady had privately made her great discovery, the new dance, "at once voluptuous and mystical," and was not to be put off by careless managers. The first who condescended to give her a hasty trial, with none of her due accessories of light, music, costume, was dumbfounded. She appeared, and was immediately successful; but her earliest conquests were attended by many annoyances. Her name was withheld from the public; chorus girls were trained to give indifferent imitations of her; she was all but robbed of her own invention. When she came from America to Europe, fortune was still at odds with her. The circumstances of her *début* at Berlin were deplorable; at Altona, near Hamburg, she danced in a beer garden to scrape money enough for her journey onwards; at Cologne she had to perform in a circus "between an educated donkey and an elephant that played the organ. My humiliation was complete." In Paris—the Paris of her dreams—Miss Fuller was coolly informed that she might "show her dances if she cared to" before the great man of the National Academy of Music and Dancing; but there was not the least chance of a permanent engagement. She drove to the Folies-Bergère, that peculiar temple:—

"Imagine my astonishment when, getting out of the carriage, I found myself face to face with a 'serpentine dancer' reproduced in violent tones on some huge placards. This dancer was not Loie Fuller.

"Here was the cataclysm, my utter annihilation."

The manager, nevertheless, good-naturedly, observed that he might as well see what Miss Fuller could do. "The next day he paid my imitator, and she left the theatre." Throughout her career, however (to complete this part of the story), Miss Fuller, nearly everywhere, discovered that some unscrupulous lady had arrived just before her, filching both her name and her celebrity:—

"I never arrive in a town without Loie Fuller's having been there in advance of me, and even in Paris I have seen announced in flamboyant letters, 'Loie Fuller, radiant dancer,' and I have been able to see with my own eyes 'la Loie Fuller' dance before my face. When I went to South America I discovered that there, too, Loie Fuller had been ahead of me."

A serious illness of her mother obliged Miss Fuller to break a contract with a Russian *impresario*. She was nearly imprisoned; the Russian brought an action, and Miss Fuller's loss ("including other offers") was 250,000 francs. She was actually made to suffer hunger.

"During my second season at the Folies-Bergère, when, through the solicitude of M. Marchand, my dressing-room was always filled with flowers by reason of the distinguished visitors who came to see me and to whom the directors would offer champagne, an attachment was put upon my receipts, and we often had hardly enough to eat. But for the manager's wife, who at times sent us things to eat in a basket, I should often have danced on an empty stomach, and have sipped champagne in my dressing-room without having had anything to eat at home."

After her racking efforts on the stage she had to be carried to her lodging; she danced through a whole season, one may say, on half-rations; and her powers of endurance have never since been the same. "However," Miss Fuller says, in her philosophic way, "it all happened as a result of circumstances, and I have no wish to blame anybody."

This most original of dancing girls has always interested some of the keenest literary and artistic minds of her day; but one of the truest appreciations of her comes from the pen of a child of fourteen, the "Gab" who for eight years has been living with Miss Fuller like a sister. It is a little transcendental, as befits the subject:—

"A crackling flame is kindled. It turns and twists and glows. Smoke, heavy as an incense, rises and mingles in the darkness where embers glow. In the midst of the tumult, licked by torrents of foaming fire, a mask, also a strange flame, is outlined in the reddish air. The flames die into a single flame, which grows into immensity. You might think that human thought were rending itself in the darkness. And we await with anxious hearts the beauty that passes."

Let no one catechise us as to the precise meaning of this; but it is amazingly like Loie Fuller in some of her dances.

"Gab" rounds off her mystical picture:—

"Soul of the flowers, soul of the sky, soul of flame, Loie Fuller has given them to us. Words and phrases avail nothing. She has created the soul of the dance, for until Loie Fuller came the dance was without soul."

It is a very clever little "Gab" indeed, with just the touch of adulation that befits!

Jules Claretie, the august one of the Théâtre Français, was another of Miss Fuller's learned worshippers, and from him we have a vivid sketch of her at rehearsal:—

"There, on that evening when I saw her rehearse Salome in every-day clothes, without costume, her glasses over her eyes, measuring her steps, outlining in her dark robe the seductive and suggestive movements which she will produce to-morrow in her brilliant costume, I seemed to be watching a wonderful *impresaria*, manager of her troupe as well as mistress of the audience, giving her directions to the orchestra, to the mechanicians, with an exquisite politeness, smiling in face of the inevitable nerve-racking circumstances, always good-natured and making herself obeyed, as all real leaders do, by giving orders in a tone that sounds like asking a favor."

"It was Salome dancing, but a Salome in a short skirt, a Salome with a jacket over her shoulders, a Salome in a tailor-made dress, whose hands—mobile, expressive, tender, or threatening hands, white hands, hands like the tips of birds' wings—emerged from the clothes, imparted to them all the poetry of the dance, of the seductive dance or the dance of fright, the infernal dance or the dance of delight."

A dancer is not written of in these terms by an Anatole France, a Rodin, a Roger Marx, and a Jules Claretie, unless and until she has made contributions to her art which give her a place among its priestesses. What Miss Fuller has to say about herself in writing is not to be compared with the expression of herself that she gives behind the footlights; but it is honest, and quite unaffected, and will needs be read.

THE PAGAN TRIBES OF LONDON.

"Harry, the Cockney." By EDWIN PUGH. (Werner Laurie. 6s.)

MR. PUGH gives us a key to the nature of his new story when, just before he begins to describe the schoolboy-life of his hero and his hero's friends, he observes that "a few words about our manners and customs, our habits, our tastes and our morals, may perhaps be as interesting as any more solid description of such a race of lately emancipated gorillas as the Kikuyus, for instance, whom in many repulsive attributes we seem to have resembled." Even if he had not written that sentence, we should have had no hesitation in referring "Harry, the Cockney," in its best parts, to the anthropological school of fiction. "In its best parts," we say, for it is not a pure example of any school; here and there the anthropologist gives way to the amateur of the grotesque, the sentimentalist, and the idealist. But, for the most part, "Harry, the Cockney" is a genuine and dreadful notebook on the scarcely Christian manners and customs of the slums of Marylebone. Superficially, it is the record of the boyhood and growth of Harry Weaver, a barber's son; really, it is the picture of a world, or, rather, of an underworld. For Mr. Pugh's keen, and at times painful, observation intro-

duces us to a very real world, even if one or two of the people who inhabit it are hardly real. The genuineness of the book as a document of London life gives it an exceptional interest and value among the novels of the hour.

Many readers, no doubt, will dispute its genuineness. They will insist that the book is the outcome, not of observation, but of prejudice. They will regard it as a vile and embittered attack on the character of the English boy. And we should be the last to deny that there is sardonic hatred in the book as well as a keen sense of actuality. Mr. Pugh is full of indignation. He is indignant with the noble English boy of the stories, and he is indignant with the ignoble English boy of the slums. Of the former, he—or, rather, Harry Weaver—writes, sarcastically:—

"He loves to give and to take hard knocks. He always licks the cads of the town when he fights with them. (As one of the cads I may remark, in passing, that this is not so.)"

Of the others he declares bluntly: "The boys who went to my school were, with a few dubious exceptions, cowards." And, making no effort to conceal his contempt, he goes on:—

"They had no sense of honor or chivalry. They would vie with one another in peaching on a pal, and lie like Peter to get themselves out of a scrape. They did not object to giving, but they objected extremely to taking, hard knocks. They loved to tease and torture other smaller, or weaker, or more timid boys; but they preferred to hurt them in subtle and disgusting ways, by sticking pins into them, or pinching them, or pulling their hair, or spitting in their faces. . . . They would eat any dirt rather than suffer any pain, and would squeal if they stubbed their toes, and blubber when they were caned. They would rather dodge, and hide, and put up with a thousand insults and grievances than fight a fair stand-up fight with a boy of their own age and size. . . . They were precociously fond of girls' society, and were as foul-minded about all women as any dissolute old runt in a club smoking-room. . . . What they knew about sin and wickedness was not worth knowing; that is to say, it was all there is to know."

That, we admit, is not an impartial account of London boy life; it is an indictment—the expression of a prejudice. It is Job cursing the day on which he went to school. If it is truer than the sentimental idealism of the ordinary school-story, it is because it is more truthful in purpose. "Harry, the Cockney" is, of course, more truthful in observation as well. But Harry's observation is only allowed to work intermittently. Again and again it becomes atrophied under the spell of the boy's aversion from his school-fellows. "To me," he says in one place, "the other boys seemed as so many devils loose from hell, among whom I wandered alone, an angel-child." We do not deny the right of a view like this to find expression in literature. We must be made aware of Harry's hatred of his companions, and, if it were stated with fiery imagination, we should glory in being made aware of it. But the author must be on his guard against allowing himself to share his hero's prejudices to the bitter end. This, we fear, Mr. Pugh has done. He has adopted too wholesaley the point of view of a self-conscious, high-strung boy, in reaction against everything that is brutal and callous in ordinary life. In so doing, he has hardly been faithful to his duty as an anthropologist. He makes us feel that the pagan tribes whom he observes he would also like to see exterminated. That is by no means an anthropological emotion. Mr. Pugh may fairly retort that it is something a good deal more valuable. It is an incitement to his countrymen to pull down London brick by brick, and stone by stone, and build a less intolerable city on its ruins. Or, rather, it would be this, if, instead of the realist's gift of observation, the author had the social prophet's driving power.

In those chapters which deal with the vague, amorous, lying existence of Harry as an independent youth with a clerkship in a solicitor's office, we are unquestionably in the company of realities. The tribes of Camden Town, where Harry and his lieutenant, Popple, go of an evening in search of bright faces, live for us very actually in the description of the passing courtships of young men and maidens. What student of London will not recognise the likeness of the young amorists as they perform their nightly parade "from the undertaker's shop at the corner of Prince of Wales's Road to the other undertaker's shop at the corner of Fortress Road"?

"Up and down, up and down, to and fro, and back and forth, we sauntered stolidly along, seldom speaking to one another, never engaging in any sort of conversation, our

wanghee canes carried upside-down, and grasped firmly in our right hands a few inches from the ferrule, our unlighted cigarettes dangling limply from our lower lips, our hats at the back of our heads to display our quifs, our heads bent forward, and our faces bent toward the ground, with upward glances roving from beneath our lowered brows."

And the account of the arrival of the new girls—and they, too, walked in couples—on the Monkey Parade is cinematographic in its reality:—

"If one of them seemed worthy of me, I would say to Popple:

"What d'you think?"

"What d'you think, 'Arry?' he would answer.

"On?"

"I am, if you are."

"O, I don't mind."

"Nor me."

"I mean, I don't care one way or the other."

"No more do I."

"A pause."

"They don't seem so dusty," he would observe presently.

"All right to look at, of course," I might reply. "But you never know till they open their mouths."

"Well, we can always sheer off."

"All right, then. . . You just do up your bootlace, and see if they're looking back; but don't you let them think you're piping 'em off."

"All right. One of 'em's looking back."

"Which one?"

"The one—the one with the teeth."

"She would be the one to look back."

"The other one's looking back now."

"Ah! Well, we'll just go up a bit further, and then turn back and meet 'em. . . ."

Thousands of years hence, the Chinese sociologist, preparing to write his great work on the manners and customs of London in the Coal Age, may turn with confidence to Mr. Pugh's latest book as an authority on many vulgar and romantic characteristics of the natives of those districts which are something less than suburbs and something more than slums.

But what, we wonder, will our Chinaman make of the author's curious sunburst of idealism in the last part of the story? How is it that a writer who can dispraise life so effectively, even when he overdoes it, cannot praise life without collapsing into the unreality of penny tracts? In these closing chapters, we have the case of an anthropologist suddenly transforming himself into a missionary, resolved to preach a gospel of sentimentalism at all costs. We refuse to believe that bibulous Uncle Algernon turned out to be a fine poet. Still more resolutely we refuse to believe in Rocky, the gentle and gentlemanly youth who converted Harry to a nobler idea of existence. Mr. Pugh, we are afraid, does not mix virtue and vice in his characters as subtly as Nature does in hers. He labels goodness rather than portrays it in the case of Rocky, and that is why Rocky, even if he touches our ethical emotions, scarcely ever touches our imagination. If Mr. Pugh's genius for true observation is too often tempered by sentimental prejudices and antipathies, however, that is a fault he shares with his master, Dickens. On the other hand, he lacks the exuberance of Dickens, just as he lacks the detail of Mr. Arnold Bennett. He gives us in his work, not a whole human comedy, but just occasional notes upon it. But those notes, at their best, are exceedingly good. They are true and original records from the depths.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"**Memories of Victorian London.**" By L. B. WALFORD. (Arnold. 12s. 6d. net.)

THIS second volume of Mrs. Walford's reminiscences is a miscellany of anecdotes about London society, from the early 'sixties to Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. The author was a frequent guest of a London relative, "a rich and handsome young married woman, with abundance of energy and leisure," who lived so strenuous a life that she tired out seven horses every day. In this lady's company, Mrs. Walford became acquainted with nearly every lion of the day, and her book abounds in anecdotes, many of them fresh, and all of them told in a light and gossip style that brings out their full flavor. Lord Houghton's breakfast-parties, Spurgeon's services at the Tabernacle, George Macdonald's lectures at Harley Street, and many other

functions of the sort were graced by Mrs. Walford's presence, and to these were added an infinity of dinner-parties, where Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, Mrs. Procter, Dr. Guthrie, Browning, and Laurence Oliphant were some of the guests. Indeed, Mrs. Walford seems to have seen everything worth seeing and met everybody worth meeting in the period, and about all of them she has something lively and characteristic to tell. At the Parnell Commission, for example, where she had a seat on the bench beside the judges, she was impressed both by Parnell's dignity and the hectoring manner of the Attorney-General, then Sir Richard Webster. "His 'Attend to me, sir!' or 'Are you following me, sir?' rang out frequently in a harsh note that fell disagreeably on one's ear"; and Mrs. Walford thought it horrible to see Parnell "tortured by that rude Sir Richard's sneering voice, and subjected to his look of withering contempt." The book is disfigured by a large number of misprints, particularly in proper names. We have Crabbe Robinson, instead of Crabb Robinson, Lewis instead of Lewes, Princep instead of Prinsep, and others equally inexcusable.

"**The Story of the Renaissance.**" By WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON. (Cassell. 5s. net.)

MR. HUDSON's book challenges comparison with Miss Lilian Field's "Introduction to the Study of the Renaissance," published some sixteen years ago. Both books attempt to deal in brief compass with a very large subject, but Mr. Hudson's work has the advantage over its predecessor in giving more space to the influence of discovery and invention, and to the development of science and philosophy which the Renaissance produced. One of the great difficulties of an author who writes a book of this type is to keep his sense of proportion, and for this Mr. Hudson deserves to be congratulated. He treats in turn of the revival of learning, of religion, of education, art, and literature, and when the reader closes the volume he will have formed a good conspectus of the movements of thought and activity that impelled men during one of the most vigorous periods in human history. Perhaps in one or two cases, Mr. Hudson might have enlarged his notices of representative men of the Renaissance. There is but scant reference to the very interesting literary group of whom Margaret of Navarre was the patron, and both Budé and Etienne Dolet—a misprint gives the date of the latter's execution as 1540 instead of 1546—are dismissed with a sentence apiece. Moreover, the value of the book would have been greater if Mr. Hudson had appended a bibliography. But it would be ungracious to lay stress upon trifling faults in a work of great difficulty which has been performed with notable success.

"**Marie-Antoinette: Her Early Youth (1770-1774).**" By Lady YOUNGHUSBAND. (Macmillan. 15s. net.)

IT is a pity that Lady Younghusband has allotted five hundred and seventy pages to the story of four years—and these far from the most important years—in Marie-Antoinette's life. Biography on this scale needs to be justified by fresh and striking revelations, or by unusually able handling of the subject. Unfortunately, Lady Younghusband gives us neither. She occupies us with prolix discussions of trivial details, investigations into the past history of everybody who appears on the stage, and long extracts from the correspondence between Maria Theresa and the Comte de Mercy-Argeuteau. Marie-Antoinette herself is buried beneath this mass of superfluity, and the narrative moves at so slow a pace as to weary even the most willing readers. This is highly regrettable, for Lady Younghusband has made a thorough study of her sources, and her failure is due to lack of proportion rather than lack of knowledge or of ability to marshal facts. Industry and enthusiasm are essential to the historian, but they do not complete his equipment, and we venture to hope that, if Lady Younghusband gives us a book on Marie-Antoinette's later years, she will write it on a smaller scale, and omit the trivialities and digressions that spoil the present volume.

"**Through Dante's Land.**" By Mrs. COLQUHOUN GRANT. (Long. 12s. 6d. net.)

"**Rambles in Florence.**" By G. E. TROUTBECK. (Mills & Boon. 6s. net.)

WE cannot say that either of these books adds materially to our appreciation of the charm of Florence. That by Mrs.

THE ROUND TABLE

A Quarterly Review of the Politics of the British Empire.

March, 1913.

No. 10.

POLICY AND SEA POWER.
THE UNIONISTS AND THE FOOD TAXES.
THE UNION OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.
POLITICAL CRIME IN INDIA.
UNITED KINGDOM—The Home Rule Bill—The Fate of the Franchise Bill.
CANADA—The Canadian Naval Proposals—Western Views of the Panama Canal.
AUSTRALIA—Finance—Federal Legislation.
SOUTH AFRICA—The Ministerial Crisis—The Labour Party.
NEW ZEALAND—The Massey Government's First Session—The Military Training Scheme—The Waihi Strike—Naval Policy.

Price 2/6 per copy, or 10/- per annum post free to any address within the Empire.

MACMILLAN & CO., LIMITED
ST. MARTIN'S ST., LONDON, W.C.

MR. EDWARD ARNOLD'S NEW BOOKS.

New Novels.

BRIDE ELECT

By A. M. CHAMPNEYS. 6s.

NASH AND SOME OTHERS

By C. S. EVANS. 6s.

The VILLAGE in the JUNGLE

By LEONARD WOOLF. 5s. net.

An Important Work for all who have responsibilities under the National Health Insurance Act.

MALINGERING

By SIR JOHN COLLIE, M.D., J.P., Medical Examiner to the London County Council, Chief Medical Officer under the Metropolitan Water Board, &c. 10s. 6d. net.

The importance of this work will easily be recognised by all who have responsibilities under the National Health Insurance Act and the Workmen's Compensation Act, or who may have to deal with the subject as employers of labour, insurance companies, solicitors, medical men, &c. The subject is dealt with from every point of view.

NOW READY, AT ALL BOOKSELLERS AND LIBRARIES.

MEMORIES OF THE SEA

By Admiral C. C. PENROSE FITZGERALD.

With Illustrations from Sketches by the Author. One vol. Demy 8vo, 12s. 6d. net.

A LITTLE TOUR IN INDIA

By the Hon. ROBERT PALMER. Demy 8vo, 8s. 6d. net. *Globe.*—"Mr. Palmer mingles grave and gay, shrewd reflection on Government, with tales of the mess-room and gossip of the bazaar in a very delightful way."

To be published on Monday next.

Sir Frederick Maurice : A Record

of his Work and Opinions. With Eight Essays on Discipline and National Efficiency, by Sir FREDERICK MAURICE. Edited by his Son, Lieut.-Col. F. MAURICE. With Portrait. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

The Political Philosophy of Burke

By JOHN MACCUNN, LL.D., formerly Professor of Philosophy in the University of Liverpool. 5s. net.

London: EDWARD ARNOLD, 41 & 43, Maddox St., W.

NOW READY. MARCH NUMBER. No. 6. (3rd Year.) 6d. NET.



Devoted to the Literature of Peasant Life.

LONDON: A. C. FIFIELD, 13, CLIFFORD'S INN, E.C.

BIBLES, PRAYER BOOKS, &c.

GEORGE V. EDITIONS.

The Largest Selection in London.

CHURCH BOOKS

BIBLES WITH APOCRYPHA, PRIEST'S POCKET BIBLES, DAILY SERVICE BOOKS, HYMNS A & M. with or without Prayer-book.

Catalogue sent post free. Cash discount 3d. in 1s.

THE LONDON BIBLE WAREHOUSE, 22, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

MANY REJECTED MSS.

simply need expert revision to make them available. This I can give, securing results that count. Such firms as Appleton, Putnam, etc., publish my own books, and I was formerly editor for a leading magazine. Why not increase your profits by publication in the United States? Address: Editor, Box 1, 435 WEST 119TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY, U.S.A.

J. POOLE & CO., 104, Charing Cross Road, LONDON.

School, Classical, Mathematical, Scientific, and Students'

BOOKSELLERS.

NEW AND SECOND-HAND.

All enquiries as to Prices of Books in our VERY LARGE STOCK answered.

The Imprint

February 17th, 1913

MY BOOKS FOR CHILDREN: By WALTER CRANE
PRINTING OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS: By J. H. MASON
THE ILLUSTRATION OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS: By Alice Meynell; H. Belloc; Clarence Rook; Arthur Waugh; Barry Pain; J. P. Collins; Edward Johnston
DRAWINGS BY BIRKET POSTER: By WILLIAM FOSTER
BLACK AND WHITE DRAWING FOR REPRODUCTION: By DONALD CAMERON-SWAN, F.R.P.S.
COMPULSORY AMERICAN PRINTING: By C. D. MEDLEY
THE ARTS & CRAFTS EXHIBITION: By B. NEWDIGATE
LITHOGRAPHY: II. THEORY: By F. ERNEST JACKSON
DECORATION & ITS USES: II. By EDWARD JOHNSTON
THE PLAIN DEALER: II. By EVERARD MEYNELL
THE COST CONFERENCE: By CECIL B. JOHNSON
AN UP-TO-DATE PLATEN: By DANIEL T. POWELL
PRINTERS' DEVICES: By the Rev. T. F. DIBDIN; PART II
NOTES AND REVIEWS. CORRESPONDENCE

Price One Shilling net

On Sale at all W. H. Smith & Son's Shops and Stalls, and through all Booksellers and Newsagents.

Offices: 11, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

Full Prospectus sent on Application.

Grant is the lighter and more readable of the two; it at least shows some personal observation of the romantic country beyond the city's confines. The author has woven her descriptions into a human narrative, in which the chief characters are a baronet and his young half-sister (English county), and an American young man and his sister (very well-to-do), who are brought into contact through a motor-car breakdown. These pairs join forces on excursions, and a tepid romance ensues. The best part of the book is the account of a villa outside Florence, which the baronet rents for the winter, and where some rather humorous types of the Italian servant are encountered. Like most books that seek to combine the attractions of a novel and a record of travel, "Through Dante's Land" is not particularly convincing in either capacity. Mr. Troutbeck has brought to his task much reading of the standard authorities on Florence. This acquired knowledge he does out in thick, and not very appetising, slices by means of remarks put into the mouths of members of a party of tourists, whom we sincerely hope never to meet in Florence or anywhere else. A pedantic style, hardly illumined by facetiousness, adds to the sense of discomfort at the thought of so much solid knowledge mishandled. However, the water-color illustrations by Miss Rose McAndrew are really attractive.

* * *

"Life in the Indian Police." By G. E. GOULDSBURY.
(Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)

THIRTY-THREE years of service in the Indian police have provided Mr. Gouldsbury with a store of experiences of which he gossips in this book in an unassuming but entertaining fashion. His pursuit of law-breakers was diversified by an equally exciting pursuit of big game, and though his tales of dacoits, murderers, burglars, and minor criminals are of interest, his stories of the tracking down of tigers are far more thrilling. His first serious work took place at Serampore, where an outbreak of dacoity was suppressed through the information given by a certain Kali Dass, who proved a valuable aid to the police on many other occasions, and whose skilful disguises and detective ability would be hard to beat. Indeed one of Kali Dass's exploits is told by Mr. Gouldsbury simply to show how impossible it is for a European police officer in India to know what his subordinates are doing, even under his own eye. This adds to the difficulty of putting down bribery or torture, and Mr. Gouldsbury, after relating some fiendish tortures which, he had been told, were employed comparatively recently, confesses that, to avoid a recurrence of such happenings, he thought it best to put up with a lower standard of police efficiency in one of his districts. A large section of the book is occupied with tiger shooting, at which Mr. Gouldsbury had some narrow escapes. His modesty leads him to apologise in a postscript for "his defects and imperfections of style, language, and construction." But the book is commendably free from such faults, and even were they more evident, Mr. Gouldsbury's direct and unaffected style, together with the interest of his material, would go a long way to disarm criticism.

* * *

"The Love Affairs of the Condés." By H. NOEL WILLIAMS.
(Methuen. 15s. net.)

FROM Louis de Bourbon, the nephew of the Connétable de Bourbon, in the sixteenth century, to Louis Joseph de Bourbon, who organised and led "the army of Condé" in the Revolution, the House of Condé played a leading part in French history. Mr. Williams's book covers a period of two centuries, closing with the father of the prince mentioned last, and notwithstanding its title, it is something more than a mere chronicle of scandal. As might be expected, most space is given to the Great Condé, the conqueror of Rocroi and Lens, whom Bishop Burnet thought "the best judge in France both of wit and learning," though a great deal of attention is also given to Louis Henri de Bourbon-Condé, who was President of the Council of Regency during the minority of Louis XV. Mr. Williams pilots his readers through the intrigues—political as well as amorous—in which the Condés engaged, without neglecting the history of the campaigns to which the family owes its real title to distinction. He has unusual skill in

dealing with the lighter side of French history, and he has produced a most interesting history of the House of Condé. We expect, however, that a book issued at this price should have an index, and we noticed an awkward misprint of a date on page 350.

* * *

"Further Reminiscences of a Diplomatist's Wife." By Mrs. HUGH FRASER. (Hutchinson. 16s. net.)

THE much-travelled diplomatist's wife takes us this time, not to Japan and the East, as in her last volume, but over the Continent of Europe and to South America. Nor does she confine herself to her own recollections. Whenever she has anything interesting to tell, she puts it into the book, and we have accounts of Murat's later days, of Baron Haynau, on whom Mrs. Fraser does a little mild white-washing, of the mad King of Bavaria and his luckless brother, of Nelson's professional jealousy of Admiral Caracciolo, and of many other matters which came to Mrs. Fraser's ears in the course of her wanderings. But the freshest and best section of the book is that devoted to South America, and one of its most entertaining chapters is that in which she relates the worries caused there by her English servants. The account given of the Chilians will not induce many people to visit their country. They are expert thieves, appalling drunkards, and, moreover, subject to the "wide-world curse of the Latins . . . the thing politely known as Liberalism," which, Mrs. Fraser assures us, is an "affliction that needs no explaining to Catholics, who, high and low, rich and poor, contend with it daily in every quarter of the earth." But this outburst is far from typical of a book which, if less connected than its predecessors, is equally vivacious, and contains agreeable chatter about a thousand trifles and a few matters of some importance.

* * *

"A Bremen Family." By GEORGINA MEINERTZHAGEN.
(Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE Bremen family of the Meinertzhagens settled in this country in the first half of the nineteenth century, and their history has been pieced together by Mrs. Meinertzhagen, with the help of some letters and a couple of eighteenth-century diaries, one in French and one in German, which she was lucky enough to find on the top shelf of a bookcase. There is nothing very extraordinary in the doings which the book records, but they give some glimpses of France and England as they were in the second half of the eighteenth century. A Daniel Meinertzhagen, travelling in this country at that period, witnessed a cock fight at York, "an amusement very much appreciated by the English, but not by other nations"; was impressed by "that masterpiece of English shipbuilding," the "Royal George"; thought Manchester "a beautiful and daily increasing town"; and found that "the slave trade on the coast of Guinea," Liverpool's "most lucrative branch of commerce," enabled that city to build eight hundred additional houses in three years.

* * *

"Monaco and Monte Carlo." By ADOLPHE SMITH. (Grant Richards. 15s. net.)

THE writer of this book has known the Principality of Monaco for many years, and has at various times been engaged in medical investigations which he claims have helped to improve the sanitary conditions prevailing along the Riviera, and especially at Monaco. His present volume is partly historical, but it also treats of Prince Albert's services to the new science of oceanography, and the policy by which he rules the Principality, as well as of the game which gives Monte Carlo its notoriety. According to Mr. Smith, visitors to the Casino—natives are not allowed to gamble—leave behind them an annual sum of forty and a-half million francs. The existence of zero gives the bank a brokerage of one and a-third per cent. on the simple chance at roulette, or, as Mr. Smith puts it, a regular player will lose, on an average, £51 6s. 8d. for the pleasure of winning £48 13s. 4d. It usually happens that players who win large sums return to the tables and lose all their winnings, and it is on record that a Pole who won £80,000 came back to gamble and lost it all, then won back nearly as much, and eventually lost his winnings a second time. Mr. Smith



If you like cocoa—

Try Rowntree's "Elect" It is a really good cocoa of exceptional strength and very pleasing flavour. Doctors recommend it, for it can be relied on for purity and wholesomeness. It is prepared from the choicest of cocoa beans, and manufactured with great care and skill.

Elect Cocoa has also a high degree of food-value; a cup at breakfast time helps to nourish and sustain one throughout the morning.

Rowntree's Elect Cocoa

H454

In winter weather



The "Allenburys" Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles.

The most robust feel the penetrating, chilling effects of cold, damp, raw air. Husky, rough voice and tickling of the throat may be prevented by the use of the "Allenburys" Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles, which are palatable, efficient and harmless. Prepared from the purest glycerine and fresh fruit juice, their delicacy and elegance recommend them to all.

Of all Chemists, in 2 oz., 4 oz., 8 oz. and 1 lb. tins, at 6d. 1/-, 1/7 and 3/- each.

Note the trade marks "Allenburys" and a Plough, which appear on each box.

Allen & Hanburys
—Ltd.,—

37 Lombard Street,
London,
E.C.

Est. 171

NEW RECORD IN LIBERAL JOURNALISM

The Daily News & Leader

1. Largest Circulation of any Liberal Daily. Over 500,000 daily guaranteed.
2. Only Liberal daily on sale throughout the United Kingdom on the day of issue.
3. On Sale in the three Capitals in the United Kingdom before six o'clock in the morning.

"Long live the 'British Review,' in which we have an honest, well-edited monthly, that will be valued by a growing public. One admits with enthusiasm that here, indeed, is a 'British' review in all that the term implies."—*T. P.'s Weekly*.

THE BRITISH REVIEW

FROM MARCH CONTENTS

| | |
|--|--------------------------------------|
| Aerial Defence | G. H. Mair |
| Imperial Co-operation | Lt.-Col. Alsager Pollock |
| England, Ireland, & Rome | Richard Fitzwalter |
| The Future of Female Suffrage in Ireland | The Rt. Hon. F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P. |
| Fiscal Reform—II. | Hilaire Belloc |
| The Poet in the Back Streets | J. C. Squire |
| Poetry | By Owen Seaman and Thomas Moul |
| The Soul of the Drunkard | Edwin Pugh |
| More Mediaeval Byways—III. | F. L. Salzmänn, F.S.A. |
| Munchausen: The German Comic Giant | W. L. George |
| The Poetry of Alice Meynell | Albert A. Cook |
| The Loss of the Beloved | Katharine Tynan |
| "The Son and Heir" at the Strand Theatre | J. E. Harold Terry |
| Obiter Dicta | The Editor |

LONDON: WILLIAMS & NORGATE

"If the 'Review' keeps up the promise of its first number, it should have a promising career."—*The Times*.

ONE SHILLING NET EVERYWHERE

maintains that the game is honestly conducted, but is equally emphatic that very few visitors win in the long run, otherwise, as he remarks, there would be no Casino in existence.

* * *

"Glimpses of the Past." By ELIZABETH WORDSWORTH.
(Mowbray. 5s. net.)

MISS WORDSWORTH'S recollections include a dim memory of a visit to her father's house by her great-uncle, William, "the rascally old Lake poet," and some reminiscences of Rydal and Stanford that take the reader back to a very old-world period indeed. Her father, Christopher Wordsworth, was, in succession, Head Master of Harrow, Canon of Westminster, and Bishop of Lincoln, and a good deal of the book is of an ecclesiastical and Tractarian flavor. But its main interest for most readers will be the account it gives of the movement for the higher education of women and of the founding of Lady Margaret Hall, of which Miss Wordsworth was the first Principal. She tells us that the Association for the Higher Education of Women was "practically founded" by Mark Pattison, its first secretary being T. H. Green. Lady Margaret Hall, in its early days, had to face a good deal of opposition. "The old Oxford Conservatives," as well as Liddon, Burgen, and most of the clergy did not like it, but Bishop King, Canon Scott Holland, and Bishop Gore gave it their support. Miss Wordsworth writes in an engaging style of the Oxford of the 'eighties and early 'nineties, and most readers will find no ground for complaint against "the garrulity of old age" for which she apologises in her preface.

The Week in the City.

| | Price Friday morning. February 21. | Price Friday morning. February 22. |
|------------------------------------|--|--|
| Consols | 74½ | 74½ |
| Midland Deferred | 72½ | 71½ |
| Mexican Railway Ordinary | 51½ | 51 |
| Chinese 5 p.c., 1896 | 100 | 100 |
| Union Pacific | 160 | 156½ |
| Russian 5 p.c., 1896 | 103½ | 104 |
| Japanese 4½ p.c. (1st ser.) | 91½ | 91½ |
| Turkish Unified | 86 | 87 |

THIS last week has brought comfort and hope to the Stock Exchanges. The Money Markets, indeed, are still tight, London especially, thanks to window dressing by the banks and the Stock Exchange settlement. But the market here is now beginning to hope for a reduction in the Bank Rate, which really ought to be feasible, if the war danger is removed. The news from both Vienna and St. Petersburg points to a compromise between Slavs and Germans over Albania, and between Bulgars and Roumanians over the compensation question. In Berlin this improvement is ascribed to Anglo-German co-operation, and much credit is attributed there to the efforts of Sir Edward Grey. If all goes well, we may expect demobilisation on the Galician frontier within the next few days, and when this tension is removed, financial precautions, including a 5 per cent. Bank Rate, should be relaxed. Trade is still at high pressure, and the mills in the West Riding complain of scarcity of labor. In many of our leading ports there is more business than can be done. Yet experts in the City declare confidently that in some directions the trade boom is already on the decline. However that may be, there is undoubtedly a more cheerful and confident tone on the stock markets, though great activity cannot be expected until money becomes cheaper. Large investors, however, are beginning to think that many good securities have fallen to a level at which they can be bought, and consequently "new money" is beginning to enter the market. The question is whether the new money will be sufficient to meet the demands of new issues, of which a great number are ready and eager to be released.

FIVE PER CENT FROM HOME RAILS.

Quite a large proportion of Home Railway Ordinary stocks now return 5 per cent. on the money, and one or two Preferred Ordinary stocks of good investment standing also yield this figure. All prices in the market have now been

marked ex dividend, so that they may all be compared on the same basis. Below is a collection of the stocks in the market which may all be considered sound investments; they include no Deferred stocks, and though, of course, the income derived from the Ordinary stocks in the group is bound to fluctuate slightly, past experience shows that these fluctuations do not amount to much over a number of years. The dividends on which the yields on the Ordinary stocks are based, are those of the year 1912, the first half of which included the coal strike. The booming conditions of the second half year are equalised by the bad first six months, and if trade declines in the future the saving in expenses may be expected to be at least commensurate with the loss in receipts, for the railways have been put to much extra expenditure in the past year:—

| | Div. Per cent. | Price. £ s. d. | Yield. £ s. d. |
|---------------------------------|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|
| Gt. Central, 1881, Pref. | 4 | 100 | 5 0 0 |
| Do. 1889, Pref. | 4 | 78 | 5 3 0 |
| Gt. Western Ord. | 5½ | 114 | 5 0 0 |
| London & N.W. Ord. | 6½ | 130 | 5 0 6 |
| London, Brighton Pref. | 6 | 119 | 5 1 0 |
| London Electric Pref. | 4 | 76 | 5 4 0 |
| Midland Def. | 3½ | 71 | 5 9 0 |
| North Eastern Consols | 6 | 119 | 5 1 0 |
| South Eastern Pref. | 6 | 117 | 5 2 0 |

All these stocks are of good standing, and all those with fixed dividends, in spite of the coal strike, have received their stipulated rates for the year. In the case of "heavy" lines—Great Central, Great Western, North Western, and Midland—the net revenues for the current year are likely to be larger than they were in 1912. The passenger lines, of course, were affected differently. Their expenses rose, but their traffics did not fall off much in the first half of the year.

BORAX CONSOLIDATED.

This concern is one of the most successful of British industrial combines, and holds a controlling position in the production of borax and kindred substances. There is no particular industry to which the borax trade looks for its chief support, but the substance is used in varying degrees in a very large number of manufacturing and finishing trades. The sources of borax, which in its raw state is a mineral, are outside of this country, mostly in South America, and the manufacture of the commercial article is largely carried on abroad by the Borax Consolidated interests. The company has this year suffered through the transport and coal strikes at home, and labor has also caused difficulties in South America. The price of borax, however, has been raised during the year, and the company's trading profits have been kept up just about to last year's level. The following is a comparison of profits for five years back:—

| | 1907-8 | 1908-9 | 1909-10 | 1910-11 | 1911-12 |
|--------------------------------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| Profit on trading | 275,375 | 282,871 | 289,464 | 293,086 | 293,598 |
| Interest, &c. | 28,836 | 24,544 | 28,894 | 34,621 | 32,526 |
| Administrative expenses | 33,260 | 37,245 | 32,779 | 31,599 | 32,515 |
| Deb. Interest | 65,000 | 65,000 | 65,000 | 65,000 | 68,999 |
| Deb. Sinking Fund | 5,825 | 5,825 | 5,825 | 5,825 | 5,825 |
| Depreciation, &c. | 30,000 | 40,000 | 20,889 | 21,880 | 56,732 |
| Net Profit | 169,636 | 159,345 | 193,865 | 203,483 | 162,053 |
| Dividends | 149,000 | 149,000 | 149,000 | 149,000 | 194,750 |
| Rate on Def. Ord. | 10 % | 11½ % | 12½ % | 13½ % | 13½ % |
| Carried forward | 65,302 | 56,897 | 67,262 | 75,995 | 43,297 |

While trading profits were practically the same, expenses were higher, and income from investments and transfer fees was smaller, and Debenture interest cost £4,000 more, owing to the new issue of Second Debenture stock. Net profits, however, show the drop of £41,000 in the above table, because the directors have preferred to write off the whole of the cost of that issue, some £23,765, including the premium on the old stock redeemed. Having regard to the large margin between profits and dividends in the last few years, the directors are justified in taking just about as much from the carry forward as they have written off in excess of last year's appropriations to maintain the dividend. On the 13½ per cent. distribution the shares yield 6½ per cent. Trade, of course, may decline, but the company holds a practical monopoly in its trade. The 6 per cent. Preferred Ordinary shares yield 5 per cent. at their present price, and their dividend is covered by a large margin.

LUCCELLUM.

The striking increase in the yield of well-managed plantation rubber undertakings is again exemplified in the return for the year 1912, which has just been published by the Batavia Plantation Investments, Limited, one of the last formed trust concerns dealing with rubber investments in the East.

Although the Company was only registered in May last, it has, thanks to careful discrimination, been able to secure holdings in various Middle East plantations that yield a highly satisfactory profit.

The prospectus issued last September stated that 90 per cent. of the shares of two concerns in Java, and one in Sumatra, had then been acquired. It was estimated that the rubber crops of these would amount to 243,490 lbs., but the actual yield proves to be 259,410 lbs., or nearly 16,000 lbs. in excess of the estimate.

The selling prices prove no less gratifying, as the prospectus estimates of profit were based on an average price of 4s. 3d. per lb., and the actual figures work out at 4s. 7d. per lb.

The Directors anticipated a dividend of 15 per cent. per annum from the outset, and the net income in 1912 from the estimated crop, and at the estimated prices, would have been £31,950. Considering the augmented yield and the higher price, it is apparent that the year's results should be far more profitable than the prospectus anticipations.

A dividend of 15 per cent. on the present paid-up capital of less than £180,000 (out of an authorised £200,000 in £1 shares) would not absorb £27,000, and this does not take into account any income derived from the Company's other investments, which include holdings in at least a score of the best of the young producers in Malaya, Java, Sumatra, and Ceylon.

The outlook for the coming year is still more encouraging. As stated by the Chairman at a recent meeting, one of the Java estates, the Weltevreden ("Well-Contented"—a happy piece of nomenclature), in which the Company has a 90 per cent. interest, has recently purchased another 200 acres of Para rubber, now about four years old, and fit for tapping this year. That estate earned a 50 per cent. dividend in 1910, and 60 per cent. in 1911, the crop in the former year being 62,780 lbs., and in the latter 94,870 lbs., while for 1912 it has risen to 114,165 lbs., against an estimate of 107,000 lbs., and the increased crop has made up for a decrease in price from 5s. 9d. per lb. in 1911 to 4s. 6d. last year.

The prospectus estimate of the 1913 crop was 116,800 lbs., which will evidently have to undergo a revision and a substantial increase, as the newly-purchased area adds 22,000 fresh trees, planted in 1908-9.

The Medansche property (the Sumatra holding of the Company) is also being increased to 560 acres by the acquisition of 230 acres, planted with 27,000 trees, of which about 10,000 should be tappable this year.

It yielded 37,423 lbs. for 1910, and the costs of production (all in) were even then only 1s. 6d. per lb.

For 1911 the crop was 63,270 lbs., against an estimate of 55,250 lbs., and with a selling price of 5s. 7½d., and costs reduced to 1s. 5d., the dividend rose to 60 per cent., with a carry-forward of £5,250.

In the last year the estimate of 79,750 lbs. was also conservative, the crop being 84,715 lbs., and sold at 4s. 7½d. For the coming year the estimate in the prospectus was 98,750 lbs., and as 15,000 of the 37,500 trees on the original area were only lightly tapped in 1912, at four years old, and should, this year, yield a much greater quantity of latex, this figure seems likely to be exceeded, leaving out of count the 10,000, or so, of young trees on the new portion of the estate.

In both instances (the Weltevreden and the Medansche), the purchases were effected without the issue of fresh capital, and partly out of accrued profits.

The third and smallest property in which the Batavia Plantation Investments holds the predominant interest is the Kweeklust estate in Java, which had a crop in 1911 of 41,830 lbs., realising 5s. 11d. per lb., produced at an all-in cost of only 1s. 2d. per lb. The prospectus estimate for 1912 was 56,740 lbs., and the yield has been 60,530 lbs.

The dividend for 1911 was 50 per cent., and the forecast for 1912 of 40 per cent. was evidently a safe one. The crop for 1913 was estimated at 69,550 lbs., and a small additional area now becomes fit for tapping.

In framing estimates of profit for 1913, the promoters and their experts seem to have been equally cautious, as the sale price of rubber was taken at 3s. 3d. per lb., while for 1914 and 1916 it is only reckoned at 2s. 6d., and in 1917 at 2s. 3d., which should be low enough to satisfy even the pessimistic.

The results attained by these Dutch Indies undertakings under the control of the Batavia Plantation Investments should serve to accentuate the improving tone of Java and Sumatra rubber companies on the market, and they are convincing evidence as to the fertility and suitability of the soil of the Dutch Eastern possessions for the growth of Para rubber.

The error our Colonial neighbours made of planting the *Ficus elastica*, or Rambong rubber, so extensively in Java was evidently not fallen into by those who opened up these estates, and their wisdom in trusting to Hevea has been amply justified.

As the annual land rent appears to be about a guilder per bouw of 1½ acres (or the equivalent of 1s. per acre), the Dutch Indies planter seems to be in a better position than his Malay confrères, who pay from 2 up to 4 dollars (4s. 8d. to 9s. 4d.) per acre, and in addition are burdened with a 2½ per cent. *ad valorem* export duty.

To Malayan plantation owners a drop in the price of rubber to 2s. 6d. per lb. must be a serious consideration despite increasing crops, and the policy of the Batavia Plantation directors, in relying largely upon Java and Sumatra, and acquiring investments there at a time when the general feeling was somewhat adverse, shows an intelligent anticipation of the trend of events.

SELFRIDGE AND COMPANY, LTD.

MR. H. GORDON SELFRIDGE presided, on the 27th ult., at the annual meeting held on the Company's premises, Oxford Street, W.

Mr. Selfridge said that at the close of the fiscal year on January 31st last the house was three years ten and a half months old, and for the last twelve months they had made a net profit, after all expenses of every kind and nature had been charged, of £104,029 2s. 2d., being more than double the profit of the year before. Their returns had increased practically every trading day of the year over any corresponding day in the history of the business, and substantially every one of the 130 departments had established new records.

The increase in returns and the excellent gross profit were not the result of a few large individual transactions, but were acquired instead through day-by-day trading with an enormous and constantly increasing number of customers scattered throughout London, its suburbs, and, in fact, all over Great Britain.

The £104,000 was equal to more than five times the amount of their annual Debenture interest, which interest had been very much more than met by the amount saved during the past year in their cash discounts alone. They would pay the Debenture interest and Preference dividend, leaving a balance to be dealt with of £60,000, an amount which equalled 12 per cent. on the Ordinary shares. Had they chosen they could have declared a dividend on the Ordinary shares; but instead they would use the entire amount in removing or reducing certain items on the credit side of the balance-sheet, which had never been very agreeable to them.

They had begun this year the agreeable duty of redeeming their Debentures—£7,000 having been paid off and cancelled during the past twelve months, and a similar amount, or more, would be retired each year hereafter. By constant improvements in buying, by making buying more of a science and less of a trade, by making their house more of a market and thus attracting the attention of makers from all over Europe, and even further afield, they had been able to obtain and to offer continually better and greater values, and still maintained their reputation of naming "London's Lowest Prices—Always"—a position they would sacrifice under no circumstances.

Twelve months ago they ventured to express strong hopes that the year then ahead of them would be decidedly better than its predecessor. Those expectations had materialised, and now, at the beginning of another new year, they again were so bold as to feel a confidence, which was inspired by a certain degree of success—a confidence that this year of 1913 would in its results overtop handsomely the year 1912. He concluded by moving the adoption of the report.

Mr. B. F. Popham seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.



OPPOSITE THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THACKERAY HOTEL

Great Russell Street, London.

NEAR THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

KINGSLEY HOTEL

Hart Street, Bloomsbury Square, London.

Passenger Lifts, Bathrooms on every Floor.
 Lounges and Spacious Dining, Drawing, Writing, Reading,
 Billiard and Smoking Rooms.

Perfect Sanitation. Fireproof Floors. Telephones. Night Porters.

Bedroom Attendance and Table d'Hôte
 Breakfast, Single, from 5/6 to 7/6.

Table d'Hôte Dinner, 6 Courses, 3/-

FULL TARIFF AND TESTIMONIALS ON APPLICATION.

Telegraphic Addresses { Thackeray Hotel—"Thackeray, London."
 Kingsley Hotel—"Bookcraft, London."

LONDON.

WILD'S TEMPERANCE HOTELS. J. B. WILD, C.C., Man.
 Direc., 30-40, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

ABERYSTWYTH.

ABERYSTWYTH HYDRO HOTEL. Facing Sea. Bracing air.
 Electric and Sea-water Baths.

BELFAST.

IMPERIAL HOTEL. Most centrally situated. Spacious showrooms.

AT BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO.

IDEAL RESIDENCE.
 Sun Lounge. Every form of Bath.

BOURNEMOUTH.

THE QUEEN, Bath Road. Miss Tye.
 Central. Board and Residence, 35/6 to 3 guineas weekly.

NEWLYN'S (Royal Exeter) Hotel. Close Pier; 1st-Class; moderate.

SILVER HOW. Boarding Est. West Cliff Gdns. From 30/- week.

BRIDPORT (Near West Bay), DORSET.

BOARD RESIDENCE. Every Comfort. 10, West St., Bridport.

BRIGHTON.

ROYAL YORK HOTEL. H. J. Preston.

THE HOTEL METROPOLE. E. Richard, Manager.

BUXTON.

HADDON HALL HYDRO LTD. 'Phone 4. J. Little.

DEAL.

BEACH HOUSE HOTEL. S. R. Jefferson.

EDINBURGH.

ROYAL HOTEL (MacGregor's). Scotland's leading Hotel.

FOLKESTONE.

TOYNBEE HALL, 15, Langehorne Gardens. Board and Residence.
 Miss Brett and Miss Randall.

GREAT YARMOUTH.

SAVOY HOTEL. Most central. Eng. meat. Pop. prices. Tel. 412. P. Rogers.

GREAT YELDHAM—ESSEX.

THE WHITE HART HOTEL. Proprietor, W. Pearl.

ILFRACOMBE.

COLLINGWOOD PRIVATE HOTEL. 120 rooms. Facing sea.

LEEDS.

HOTEL METROPOLE. 2 minutes' walk from either station.

LLANELLY.

CLEVELAND HOTEL. J. T. Weaver.

LYNTON (Devon).

ROYAL CASTLE FAMILY HOTEL. Grounds 9 acres.

MALVERN.

HARDWICKE PRIVATE HOTEL. Prop. & Manager, J. Wilson.

KNOTSFORD. Supr. apts. Elec. light. Prop., C. Bartter. Tel. 182.

MATLOCK.

ROCKSIDE HYDRO. Tennis, Bowls, &c. Nr. Golf Links (18 holes).

SMEDLEY'S HYDRO Establishment. Estab. 1853. H. Challand.

MOFFAT.

MOFFAT HYDRO, Dumfriesshire. Finest in Scotland. Golf
 (18 holes), Tennis, Croquet, Garage. Terms from £2 12s. 6d.

PENTRE.

PENTRE HOTEL, Rhondda. Tel. No. P.O. 30. W. H. Miles.

QUEENSTOWN.

IMPERIAL HOTEL. Most comfortable and up-to-date. A. Paten.

SILLOTH-ON-SOLWAY.

SILLOTH HYDRO. A small, homely establishment. Baths,
 massage. Send for Prospectus. C. Hawkins, Proprietor.

GOLF HOTEL. First-class family hotel. Garage and stabling.
 'Phone 8 Silloth. W. Dyer, Proprietor and Manager.

SLATEFORD.

EDINBURGH HYDROPATHIC. On Craiglockhart Hill.
 Beautiful scenery, walks, and drives. Trams to City, 2d.

SOUTHPORT.

ROWNTREE'S CAFE, Lord St., Hot Luncheons, Afternoon Teas. Tel. 647.

KENWORTHY'S HYDRO. Near Pier and Lord St. Lounge, Lift,
 120 bedrooms; Turkish, elec., etc., baths. Tel. 80. Wirea
 "Kenworthys." Prospectus, Managers.

SWANSEA.

HOTEL CAMERON. Tel. 921. Garage. Palm Court, Grill,
 and electric lift. For terms apply Manager.

TENBY.

BELGRAVE HOTEL, South Shore. Overlooking Golf Links.
 Mrs. K. W. Hicks.

WHITBY.

WEST CLIFF PRIVATE HOTEL. Mrs. T. Newbitt.

WORCESTER.

HARRISON'S VICTORIA HOTEL, Broad St., 1st-Class Temp. Tel. 212.



E. RAY
THE OPEN GOLF CHAMPION,
 writes:
 58, Lower Paddock Road,
 Oxhey, Watford,
 Herts.
 July 24th, 1912
 Messrs. F. & J. Smith,
 Dear Sirs,
 I might say that I have
 been a regular smoker of
 your Glasgow Mixture for
 the last twelve years, and
 I might also say that I can-
 not find any tobacco to suit
 me like it. In my opinion if
 Golf Players would smoke
 your famous Glasgow Mix-
 ture they would find it very
 soothing to the Nerves, as
 I am sure I do when having
 to play strenuous Golf
 matches such as the Open
 Championship, etc.
 Yours truly, E. RAY

SMITH'S GLASGOW MIXTURE

Sold in three strengths—MILD, MEDIUM & FULL
 5d. per oz. 10d. per 2 oz. 1/8 per 1/4-lb.

A Testing Sample will be forwarded free on application.

F. & J. Smith, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Gt. Britain and
 Ireland), Ltd., Glasgow.

APPOINTMENT VACANT.

CORNWALL EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

PENZANCE COUNTY SECONDARY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Wanted, a HEAD MISTRESS for the new Secondary School for Girls, Penzance, to be opened in September next. Salary £200, rising by annual increments of £12 10s. to a maximum of £300. Form of application, and further particulars, on receipt of stamped addressed foolscap envelope, may be obtained from the undersigned, to whom all applications must be sent on or before March 15th, 1913.

Education Department,
County Hall, TRURO.
February 14th, 1913.

F. R. PASCOE,
Secretary.

EDUCATIONAL.

OWENS SCHOOL, ISLINGTON.

An EXAMINATION FOR ELECTION to not more than Six Foundation Scholarships of the value of £15 will be held at this School on April 19th. Full particulars, together with Application Form which must be returned on or before March 17th, may be had from the HEAD MASTER.

THE LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

Entrance Scholarship Examination in March.

Affiliated Preparatory School, "Caldicott," Hitchin.

BROMSGROVE SCHOOL, WORCESTERSHIRE.

Chairman of Trustees, VISCOUNT COBHAM.

The Entrance Scholarship Examination will take place on June 24th and 25th. Information and Prospectus from the Head Master (R. G. ROUTH, M.A.), The School House, Bromsgrove.

TETTENHALL COLLEGE,
STAFFORDSHIRE.

Headmaster (Designate): ALFRED H. ANGUS, B.Sc.

Most healthily situated, 500 feet above sea-level.
Classical and Commercial Education on Public School lines.
Modern methods.

For illustrated prospectus apply to the Headmaster or to the Secretary.

CATERHAM SCHOOL, SURREY.

Founded 1811. Rebuilt 1884.

Head Master: Mr. Allan P. Mottram, B.Sc., (Lond.).
Second Master: Mr. J. H. Stafford, M.A., LL.B., (Cantab.).

Educational Course under inspection of University of London and Board of Education.

Open-air leisure pursuits; Organised Games, Gardening, Athletics, Poultry Keeping, Scouting, &c.

Situation, 500 feet above Sea-level, on North Downs.

A FREE CHURCH PUBLIC SCHOOL.

BOOTHAM SCHOOL

(Under the Management of the Society of Friends).

For full particulars and for copies of the Prospectus, apply to the Head Master, Bootham School, York.

CROHAM HURST SCHOOL, near South Croydon.

House built for the purpose in healthy and beautiful situation. Aim of education to cultivate wide interests and intelligent habits of work. Special encouragement given to leisure pursuits and individual reading. Hockey, Tennis, Swimming, Riding.

Pupils prepared for University.

Full domestic course for senior pupils and external students.

Principals—Miss Theodora E. Clark and Miss K. M. Ellis.

PINEHURST, CROWBOROUGH (SUSSEX).

Country School for Girls.

House in grounds on edge of Moorland, between 600 and 700 feet above sea level.

Principal, Miss H. T. NEILD, M.A. (Vict.) Class. Tripos (Camb.), assisted by Miss M. MENNELL (trained by Madame Osterberg). Prospectus on application.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE HINDHEAD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

EDUCATION THOROUGHLY MODERN; physical training and outdoor games. Great attention is paid to healthful conditions of life. The boarding-house stands at an elevation of 800 ft.—For prospectus, address: Principal, BRACKENHURST, HINDHEAD, HASLEMERE, R.S.O.

NOTICE.

LONDON POSITIVIST SOCIETY, Essex Hall, Essex Street, 7.
Mr. H. Gordon Jones, "True Intellectualism: Bergson and Comte."

DESERVING.

DISTRESSED.

DESTITUTE.

In KING EDWARD'S LABOUR TENTS, QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S LABOUR DEPOTS, Night Rests for men and women, Rest Tent, Medical Mission, and 100 Labour Homes and RELIEF CENTRES throughout London and the Provinces

THE CHURCH ARMY

is relieving the terrible and widespread needs of the homeless and starving, and the respectable UNEMPLOYED and their HUNGRY FAMILIES by provision of WORK ONLY. Pray help, so that we need not

TURN FROM OUR DOORS

any distressed person willing to work.

CHIEF NEEDS:—Funds, old clothes, orders for firewood (3s. 6d. per 100 bundles). Cheques crossed "Barclays, a/c Church Army," payable to Prebendary CARLILE, Hon. Chief Sec., Headquarters, Marble Arch, W.

TO PARENTS and GUARDIANS.

KYNOCHE, LIMITED.

have VACANCIES in their Commercial Departments for a few young Gentlemen of good education and manners. No premium required. Term of indentures four years.—Apply, by letter only, to the Secretary, Kynoch, Limited, Witton, Nr. Birmingham.

£10 10s.

ROME TOUR. Hotels and Return Tickets, short sea route, with extension.
NAPLES, FLORENCE, VENICE.

DR. HENRY S. LUNN, LTD., 5, Endsleigh Gardens, London, N.W.

Prudential Assurance Company,
Ltd.

HOLBORN BARS, LONDON.

Invested Funds exceed - - £80,000,000
Claims Paid - - - £100,000,000

LIBRARY BOOK-
LAW MAGAZINE -BINDING
AND MUSIC

We advise the same methods as we have used for over 1500 Public Libraries in all parts of the world.

| TESTED FOR STRAIN AND UNDER ADVERSE ATMOSPHERIC CONDITIONS OUR LEATHER SHOWS THE FOLLOWING SUPERIORITY | | RATIO OF STRENGTH |
|--|--|-------------------|
| MOROCCO AND CALF | | 25 |
| OUR LEATHER | | 99 |

AT NO EXTRA COST WE TREBLE
THE LIFE OF THE MODERN BOOK.

CEDRIC CHIVERS LTD PORTWAY
LONDON ADDRESS—4 TRAFALGAR SQUARE W.C. BATH ENGLAND

NOTICE.

THE NATION is published weekly. Applications for copies and subscriptions should be sent to the Publisher, 10, Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C.

Terms of Subscription, Including Postage:

HOME, 26s. PER ANNUM. FOREIGN, 30s. PER ANNUM.

Cheques should be made payable to THE NATION PUBLISHING Co., LTD., and crossed "National Provincial Bank."

Telephones:—Business: Gerrard 4035.

Editorial: Gerrard 6584.

Telegrams: "Nationetta," Westrand, London.

THE BOOK OF THE SEASON.

MILLS & BOON have now ready a new volume of their "MY YEAR" Series, in a perfectly delightful book by ROTHAY REYNOLDS, entitled—

MY RUSSIAN YEAR

(10s. 6d. net), which is profusely illustrated, and is a book to be read.

DAILY TELEGRAPH.—"By far the most comprehensive account of Russian life yet given to English readers. . . The flavour of his humour is delicious."

WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.—"A sincere and noteworthy book."

MORNING POST.—"An entertaining and instructive picture of Twentieth Century Russia. . . The general charm of treatment is matched by the accuracy of the details."

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN.—"We have rarely come upon such an interesting and well-balanced account of modern Russia. Mr. Reynolds has seen his Russia with eyes unclouded by passion, though they are often twinkling with humour, and occasionally dimmed with tears."

DAILY GRAPHIC.—"This volume ranks high in the 'My Year' series of Mills & Boon." **TIMES**.—"A truthful and impartial picture of the ordinary Russia. Conversational, easy, and eminently readable."

TRUTH.—"I have never read a book on Russia which gives such intimate and interesting, and at the same time vivid, pictures of social, domestic, political, and ecclesiastical life of Russia."

NATION.—"Mr. Reynolds writes with great simplicity, taking nothing for granted, and his knowledge is unusually intimate."

PUNCH.—"It is the best work of its kind I have seen for years."

TATLER.—"A book which everybody will find interesting. Quite one of the most vivid accounts of Russia of to-day."

MY SUDAN YEAR

By E. S. STEVENS. With 40 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

MY IRISH YEAR

By PADRAIC COLUM. With 12 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

MY PARISIAN YEAR

By MAUDE ANNESLEY. With 20 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

MY ITALIAN YEAR

By RICHARD BAGOT. With 25 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

MY GERMAN YEAR

By I. A. R. WYLIE. With 2 Illustrations in Colour and 18 from Photographs. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

THE ROMANCE OF THE MEN OF DEVON

By FRANCIS GRIBBLE. With a Photogravure Frontispiece and 16 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 6s.

THE ROMANCE OF THE OXFORD COLLEGES

By FRANCIS GRIBBLE. With a Photogravure and 16 full-page Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 6s.

FOR DOCTORS AND NURSES**MENTAL SELF-HELP**

By EDWIN L. ASH, M.D. (Lond.) Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

NERVES AND THE NERVOUS

By EDWIN L. ASH, M.D. Popular Edition, 3s. 6d. net.

A MANUAL FOR NURSES

By SYDNEY WELHAM, M.R.C.S. With Diagrams. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

CHILD-NURTURE: MENTAL AND PHYSICAL

By HONNOR MORTEN. With Diagrams. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

THE NURSERY NURSE'S COMPANION

By HONNOR MORTEN. Crown 8vo. Cloth, 1s. 6d. net; paper, 1s. net.

VERSES AND HUMOUR**CANNED CLASSICS, AND OTHER VERSES**

By HARRY GRAHAM. With 49 Illustrations by LEWIS BAUMER. Crown 4to, 3s. 6d. net. F'cap. 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

QUEERY LEARY NONSENSE

A LEAR Nonsense Book, with a long Introduction and Notes by the EARL OF CROMER, and edited by LADY STRACHIE. With 20 Illustrations in Colour, and 35 in Line. Crown 4to, 3s. 6d. net.

DEPORTMENTAL DITTIES

By HARRY GRAHAM. Profusely Illustrated by LEWIS BAUMER. F'cap. 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

THE BOLSTER BOOK

A Book for the Bedside. By HARRY GRAHAM. With a cover by LEWIS BAUMER. Crown 8vo, 6s.

MILLS & BOON, LTD., 49 Rupert Street, London, W.

THERE IS ALWAYS A NEW MILLS & BOON NOVEL
6s. each 6s. each

You all remember that rattling story "THE BLUE BIRD'S-EYE," which enjoyed an immediate success last July, and which, as a first novel, made George Edgar one of the few novelists to be noted. Everyone should read George Edgar's new novel:—

SWIFT NICK OF THE YORK ROAD

DAILY NEWS.—"You can catch the very beat of hoofs and ring of steel in his vivid scenes. 'Swift Nick' brings back youth and high spirits with a rush."

DUNDEE ADVERTISER.—"A brilliant piece of fiction. . . The interest never flags. Written with a fervour and enthusiasm which are so rare as they are welcome."

MORNING POST.—"If you want to know who the Golden Farmer was, and what was the Hand of Glory, you may well spend an exciting hour or two in right bad company at 'The Lantern' with Swift Nick of the York Road."

THE CALL OF THE SIREN

By HAROLD SPENDER.

Author of "The Arena."

DAILY NEWS.—"The final scene is a masterly piece of work."

GLOBE.—"Mr. Spender is to be congratulated upon the high level attained in this novel."

BOOKMAN.—"An admirable novel."

CATO'S DAUGHTER

By E. M. CHANNON.

Author of "The Keeper of the Secret," "A Street Angel."

SHEFFIELD DAILY TELEGRAPH.—"Well constructed plot . . . very entertaining . . . cleverly drawn characters."

DUNDEE ADVERTISER.—"Excellent writing, with a wealth of incident and entertaining dialogue."

IFS AND ANS

By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

Author of "The King's Highway."

DAILY TELEGRAPH.—"There is a fine full flavour about these stories, they overflow with vitality and vigour."

LIVERPOOL DAILY POST.—"Peculiarly absorbing and attractive . . . more than ordinarily entertaining."

Just Out, 6s. each.

ATTRACTION. By LOUISE MACK. Author of "Romance of a Woman of Thirty."

THE ADOLESCENCE OF AUBREY. HARRY JERMYN. (A new Mills & Boon discovery.)

PHYLLIDA FLOUTS ME. MARY L. PENDERED, Author of "At Lavender Cottage."

GUPPY GUYSON. W. M. O'KANE, Author of "With Poison and Sword."

SOUTH SEA TALES. JACK LONDON, Author of "White Fang."

A MARRIAGE OF INCONVENIENCE. By THOMAS COBB, Author of "Phyllida."

MR. SHERINGHAM AND OTHERS. By Mrs. ALFRED SIDGWICK, Author of "Cynthia's Way," "Odd Come Shorta."

THE FRIENDLY ENEMY. By T. P. CAMERON WILSON. (A new Mills & Boon discovery.)

IN SEARCH OF EACH OTHER. SOPHIE COLE, Author of "A Wardour Street Idyll," "The Thorn Bush Near the Door."

MILLS & BOON'S RAMBLES SERIES
RAMBLES IN HOLLAND

By E. and M. S. GREW. 6/-

DAILY GRAPHIC.—"Tastefully turned out, and most fascinatingly written."

PALL MALL GAZETTE.—"An altogether companionable guide."

RAMBLES IN IRELAND

By ROBERT LYND. 6/-

WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.—"Most delightful."

DAILY NEWS.—"This fascinating book."

There is always a new Mills & Boons Shilling Novel.

The latest include **LIFE, THE SQUARE MILE, THE GIRL WHO SAVED HIS HONOUR, THE FRONTIER**, by the Author of "Arsene Lupin."

